JUNE DUSK

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

THE birds are hushed; the plough is laid athwart
The last brown furrow. Clear the hidden frogs
Answer each other's music, and the air
Of June is sweet with lilacs. In the lane
The sunburnt ploughman quickens his long step
And whistles softly, seeing through the dusk
The firelit and friendly panes of home.

"BEG PARDON, BUT IS ONE OF YOU YOUNG LADIES MISS O'CONNELL?"

To accompany "The Dream That Failed" See page 110

VOL. XII
NO. 2

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
JUNE

Liquor and the Law

By Elliott Flower

The conditions depicted by Mr. Flower may seem to some readers exaggerated, but we have the testimony of Mr. A. A. Strachan, who served for many years on the Royal Northwest Mounted Police Force, that he sees "nothing in this article that is not justified by conditions at present existing."

I MADE a trip through western Canada with a private car party and gained the impression that Canada had practically solved the liquor question. I made another trip, this time alone, through the same great stretch of country and decided that the Canadian solution might be theoretically correct but that it had failed, as yet, to work out satisfactorily in practice. I got the theory on the first trip and the facts on the second.

Let me say here that, to my mind, the solution of the liquor problem lies in regulation, not in prohibition, and I am considering it from that point of view. Probibition, when (if ever) we are ready for it, *may* give us ideal conditions, but, so far as my observation goes, it has failed lamentably up to the present time.

Again, what I have to say in this article relates to the country between Winnipeg and Victoria. I have no personal knowledge of conditions in eastern Canada.

Theoretically, the Canadian plan is excellent, and it would seem at first glance to meet all the requirements of the situation.

The heavy drinking everywhere is usually the night drinking, and Canada closes her bar-rooms at 10.30 five nights in the week. There is "nothing doing" at the time when things are liveliest in the average American saloon; there is nothing to lure the man of bibulous inclinations from an early home-going.

The wage-earner's greatest temptation to stray is Saturday night, when he has his wages in his pocket and a day of rest ahead of him, and Canada closes her bar-rooms at seven p. m., Saturday, and keeps them closed until six a. m., Monday. In the average American town or city the saloonkeeper is given more latitude Saturday than any other day, because that is his big night; in Canada he is given less—much less.

A multiplicity of saloons is an evil, for out of it grows a struggle for business—often for existence—that is demoralizing, and Canada restricts the retailing of liquor to hotel bar-rooms. That limits the number in proportion to population far more than any law enacted for that purpose in the United States.

These are all good restrictions, and they are generally enforced. There is some laxity with regard to the closed time in some of the mountain resorts, dependent upon tourist travel, and Vancouver and Victoria, in a British Col-

umbia spirit of independence, refuse to recognize the regular closing hour, although they close promptly a little later; but, aside from this, the laws mentioned are strictly enforced in the country through which I traveled.

Nevertheless, the conditions in many of the places I visited did not seem to me to compare favorably with those of the widest of wide-open towns and cities on the American side of the line. A second-rate saloon in the United States would not tolerate much that seemed to be taken as a matter of course in the bar-rooms of reputable Canadian hotels. This does not apply to all, of course, but the exceptions are few.

The Theory and the Practice.

The whole purpose of regulation must be to promote temperance (in the correct meaning of that word and not as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union uses it), but it did not seem to be doing it in Canada. On the contrary, I saw an amazing amount of drunkenness. Regulation seemed to begin and end with the closing law and not to concern itself at all with what happened during the "open" hours. I gathered that the last hour before closing was largely given over by the bibulous to an effort to stow away enough to last the rest of the night, and most of the men who tried it worked at the job earnestly enough to deserve success. A cold-chisel and a hammer would hardly have separated them from the bar before the clock struck the fatal hour.

Even in the daytime there seemed to be a regular clientele—usually a rough, boisterous, profane crowd—that was in almost continuous session, apparently having little or no other occupation. That similar conditions are to be found in the United States is not to be denied, but they are not to be found in saloons or bar-rooms of the same class. Besides, I had expected Canada, with its early closing and greater respect for all law, to show better conditions than the laxity on the American side of the line could be expected to produce. I had hoped to find a lesson in how the liquor business can and should be handled. Perhaps the theoretical lesson is there, but the practical demonstration is not.

So far as I could discover, no condition of inebriety, short of being unable to lie down without holding on, debarred a man from drinking so long as he had money or could induce anyone to buy liquor for him. In the bar-room of my hotel in a city that boasts of several good hotels, a boozy individual who needed the support of the bar to keep him from falling down, suggested that I buy him a drink. It occurred to me that he had already had enough, and even if I had been disposed to oblige him I should have expected the bartender to refuse to serve him. So I politely declined. Thereupon he "cussed" me earnestly and fluently and continued to hurl "pleasantries" at me as long as I was within earshot. This, as an isolated incident, is not important, but the indifference of the bartenders and other patrons seemed to indicate that it was not an unusual occurrence, and I naturally infer that the offensive one was served with more liquor as soon as he found some one to buy it for him.

Purpose of the Law Ignored.

In one little place in Alberta a convivial party lined up at the bar of the only hotel and kept up a drunken revel until closing time. Then, although they were all badly intoxicated, they were allowed to take a few bottles up to the room one of them occupied, to finish the orgy. The bar-room was closed on time, and with that, apparently, responsibility ended, not only for bartender but for hotel proprietor and clerk.

There were great "doings" during the night. I happen to know because I had a room near and they kept me awake. There were two fights, various disputes, and many songs. The racket must have been plainly audible in the office, but it was a matter of no concern there. The bar was closed: the letter of the law had been obeyed.

At five o'clock in the morning—I had been called for an early train—I

was sitting in the office when one of the party came to the head of the stairs. He was so drunk that he bumped both sides of the hall as he came along, and he swayed and teetered on the top step, clinging to the railing to steady himself, until one got tired waiting for him to fall. The clerk glanced up, but it was no concern of his. The bar was closed, as the law provided.

Then the fellow started down, tripped at the first step, plunged forward, got his head doubled under him in some mysterious way, turned a complete summersault, and rolled to the bottom of the stairs. I was sure he had broken his neck—such a fall would certainly have killed a sober man—but he sat up before anybody could reach him, leered at the two or three of us in the office, and remarked genially, "Come down sort o' sudden, didn't I?"

The clerk was the least concerned of any of us. The bar was closed, and nothing else mattered.

It certainly did not look to me as if Canada had solved the liquor problem. The letter of the law might be obeyed, but the evident purpose of it was altogether ignored. I had various other experiences, similar to those described, that seemed to me proof of this.

The great majority of bar-rooms resembled, in patronage and general unsavoriness, the South Clark street "joints" of Chicago, and the solution of the liquor problem is hardly to be found in such conditions. They seemed to cater to the "regulars"— to the men who make a business of getting drunk— rather than to those of temperate habits who like a quiet drink occasionally. Indeed, in most places I did not see where the latter were going to get any except in the most unpleasant surroundings and associations.

In one British Columbia town, after a long and chilly automobile ride, something warm and cheering was suggested. There was but one hotel, and consequently but one bar-room, so it seemed to me there was but one course open to us. But I was mistaken.

"Keep away from the drunks in there," I was advised. "We'll have it brought to us in the office."

Later I discovered that this was the usual, and about the only, way of avoiding unpleasant association with obnoxious bar-room *habitues* — unless one kept a bottle at home or had a convenient club—and I gained the impression that the bottle—perhaps decanter is the better word— at home and the club were the more popular in consequence. Not that liquor is more indispensable to Canadians than to others, that a larger proportion of them are drinking men, or that those who do drink at all drink more, but there is often no other way for the man who does like an occasional drink and is at all particular as to his associations and surroundings.

Disorderly Bar-rooms.

In effect, then, the Canadian law, as enforced, merely closes the bar-room to the self-respecting man and turns it over to the rougher, more intemperate and more disorderly crowd. This is not the case everywhere, of course. There are bars at the mountain resorts and in some of the cities where hotels are numerous and summer tourist travel heavy, that are as well-conducted as any to be found anywhere, but these are exceptions to the general rule. Where the influence of the tourist is not felt, conditions are—well, not of a nature to call for commendation.

Just where the trouble lies, a Canadian should be better able than a visitor to determine, but the impressions of the visitor may not be without value.

The closing law is good, and it is generally enforced—certainly more generally and more rigidly than closing laws in the United States. The hotel provision limits the number of saloons and also is an assurance that the licenses go only to responsible persons who have too much at stake in their hotel business to risk any infraction of the law. One would think that this would bring about ideal conditions, but in practical operation the advantages disappear and the usual result is a lower class of bar-rooms than one would

expect to find in the hotels with which they are connected—dirtier, shabbier and very often dominated by the disorderly element of the community.

All in all, it looks to an outsider as if western Canada had not progressed much beyond her frontier days in liquor regulation. It may be admitted that her handling of the problem then was ideal. Regulation such regulation as was then needed kept pace with settlement. No other country ever handled this matter better, if as well, in pioneer days. But nothing short of a felony was considered "disorderly" then. So long as no one was shot or robbed, what happened in a bar-room was of little or no consequence, and that, I should judge, is still the spirit in which the law is administered in most places.

With the best possible basis for regulation, Canada permits conditions that are seldom tolerated even where the law itself is far more liberal and the letter of it less rigidly enforced. Perhaps she relies too much on the mere closing of the door and is too little concerned with conditions *in* the saloon during the "open" time. A saloon may be open only a few hours a day and still do more harm—be more demoralizing to the community—than another that is open day and night.

DEEPER TO WIN

BY "OLGA"

HOW can a heart be sad
When the year is at June?
When every wild creature is glad,
The bob-o-link singing like mad,
And the whole wide world is in tune?

How can the springs run dry
When thrushes are here?
When over the great wide sky
Soft fluffy white clouds sail high,
And the birthday of roses draws nigh?

How can we question or doubt
That love is behind,
When plumy pale lilacs are out,
And wild little wings are about,
And joy is in all that we find?

Nature discloses the face,
But there's deeper to win.
Every star that goes singing through space,
Every petal that flames into grace,
Every last lovely thing in its place
More than hints of the meaning within.

The Man Who Came Back

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Illustrated by George Paul

ON hands and knees Haney crawled painfully from under the pile of railroad ties out of which he had fashioned a rude shelter for the night. His teeth rendered clicking acknowledgment of the cold as he groped about for his battered little valise, of imitation leather; with trembling fingers he buttoned his ragged coat tighter and scrambled up the embankment to the track.

Across the river lay the town, a confused jumble of mysterious sounds, an indistinct pattern of saffron smudges; the scattered arc lights of the outskirts were but yellow blurs in the fog and from somewhere off in the darkness came the eerie crowing of cocks. For an instant Haney paused, shivering, to peer into the heavy mist above the river, then with sudden resolve turned his back on the town beyond. The cinders crunched beneath his broken boots.

He had known dimly all the time that at the last he would back down; he had been a fool to think he would have the courage to enter the old town after he did get there. At dusk he had plodded down the final stretch of track and caught the glimmer of the white brick hospital buildings, perched high above the river just as they had always been, and his throat had ached strangely. For a long time he had sat in the gathering darkness and watched the lights twinkle out on the streets and glow in the windows of homes—as he had watched them twinkle out on a thousand other streets and in the windows of ten thousand other homes. But now he was turning away, just as he had secretly known he would. He grunted with self contempt.

It had been such a remarkably foolish notion, this of coming back for a look at the place of his boyhood; nonetheless the longing had been irresistible. Haney was homesick—homesick with no home to go to and none to welcome him. Haney was a tramp. There were times when he forgot that he had ever been anything else; just now, though, it was a poignant realization of what he had been, might have been, that was driving him away. He could not walk into the old town, knowing what he was, because of his pride. Fancy meeting any of the old crowd in a dirty, ragged coat—two coats of rags, to be explicit, yellowed by the hot sun and worn one on top of the other as the easiest way of carrying them!

Wouldn't the fellows laugh and jeer at him, though,—him, Haney, one-time minister's son who used to live at the big rectory where the wide lawns were well kept and the tall lilac hedge in front was the admiration of passers by!—Haney of the once spic-and-span clothes, the clever young man with the golden prospects! He could imagine it all—the supercilious snubs and worse condescensions, the jokes, the pointing fingers, even a jeering chorus:

> "Hark! hark! the dogs do bark!
> The beggars are coming to town!"

"Me f'r the velvet gown when I go up against that bunch", muttered Haney. He quickened his pace as if he hoped in that way to shake off the thoughts which nagged him. Whatever had possessed him to come back to this place of memories! Dinky little towns like this never forgot, never made allowances, never forgave. It would be remembered what his opportunities had been, how he had

used them, how he had quarrelled with his father, how he had fled that night—

He swung along with an oath of irritation. Here he was harking back to that miserable night! Was he never to get away from it? He stopped short to feel in his pocket for a fragment of plug, and bit the tobacco viciously.

"Y'darn fool!" he apostrophized, "quit it, can't yuh! Beat it!"

Already there was a gray streak above the bushland to the east, and the mist was slowly losing some of its opaqueness; after a little he could even recognize the encampment of silent Indian warriors on the left as a cornfield full of stooks. He would have to walk quickly if he did not want to be seen in the neighborhood of the town. There was a fast-warming shaft of crimson and amber eastward that was warning enough and, as he trudged along, a perceptible wave of light came presently creeping over the landscape; a moment more and it had wiped away the fog from the hill-tops, leaving rivers between the knolls.

Haney halted. He was opposite the place where the old spring used to be, where he and the boys used to stop for a drink on their way to the woods of a Saturday. Yes, sir, the same old spring! It was with an odd mixture of feeling that Haney scrambled down the path now, crawled under the "bob-wire" fence and quenched his thirst.

The years seemed to drop away from him. It was just about a year since the trouble which had unmoored him; back of that the boyhood time which stretched unblemished. He could almost imagine that it was Saturday, that he had cut the lawn the previous night after school and was now off to the woods for the day. Why, he even had a lunch in his pocket—stale tea-biscuits really, hard as rocks—but he had always been long on imagination and he could pretend it was brown bread-and-butter sandwiches with bits of pickle inside, the same as his mother (of hallowed memory) used to put up for him. Pickles! Haney's mouth watered with the old longing and he laughed at himself for several kinds of a fool.

Nevertheless he went on down the familiar track eagerly, picking out the old landmarks, identifying certain spots of nearly-forgotten incident. Here was where he had seen a garter-snake lying paralyzed with a young frog half way down its throat; over there "Diggie" MacPherson had shot a partridge with a catapult and a marble; yonder was the swamp where "Pussy" Angles had captured two blacksnakes which he carried to school after taking out their stingers; just ahead here, was the old red gate where they had all cut their initials; while across the pasture loomed the steep hill beyond which lay the big woods.

It was all here, same as ever. Half laughing to himself, Haney ran down from the track, vaulted the fence and struck over to the hill. He had a vision of himself doing what he was doing now, on just such another October morning as this, ages ago it seemed—struggling up this identical wet slope to face the crimson and golden grandeur in the east. That was the time he came out here to see the sun rise so that he could write a composition on "An Indian Summer Day."

And panting up onto the higher level now, he saw the same wide area of bushland, the same fairy aisles beckoning away into vistas of voluptuous beauty. Again the long bright rays of the rising sun were awakening the woodland to a confusion of scarlet and yellow, orange and gold and bronze; every tree a canopy of leaves glittering with the sheen of the dew; ferns, grass, shrubbery, white with delicate frost tracings even now dissolving to glistening wet. No, nothing was changed. Haney feasted his eyes and knew that it was all very beautiful. He remembered whimsically that he had ended that old school composition with the sentence: "The world is very beautiful and God is good." Nothing changed? He laughed harshly.

Yet he, Haney, had ability. As a boy he had been esteemed for many accomplishments; as a young man he had attained good averages at school and had been looked upon as a rising light by such worthy people as the

HE SAT DOWN ON A ROTTING LOG, STARING MOODILY WITH UNSEEING EYES

principal of the High School and the wardens of his father's church. He had been the only boy in town who was double-jointed in two thumbs and eight fingers, who could play the mouth organ and guitar at one and the same time, dive off the top of the bank at Stony Point, do a double somersault in the air, and walk a slack-wire—this last acquired after much engrossing practice on his mother's clothesline. He had been the star pitcher of the baseball team and the only young man whose compositions were regularly read out to the other classes at the High School; the principal once had even detained him to ask if he had ever submitted anything to the papers and had advised him to "keep at it." He could also sing very well; he could thrum tunes on the piano after he had heard them once; he could carry off leading parts in amateur theatricals with credit; he could sketch faces "dead image", a knack fostered in the back pew at church on Sunday evenings. His averages, both at play and at school, had been good.

So it wasn't that Haney lacked ability, but because of his averages. He could do lots of things well or fairly well that others could not do; but in all the list of his accomplishments was not one thing that commanded all his resources, energy, enthusiasm. What he had lacked was specific desire. His opportunities had been wasted in playing with a lot of little achievements, and the mistake had left him stranded on the wide flat plane of averages, while others, less gifted, had climbed far above him.

That was the way it appeared now. There was a time, when the chances lay even and the future undeveloped, that the outlook had been golden—had been flushed with nebulous possibilities. Relatives and friends had made for him a wonderful dream and set it floating in a nimbus that reflected the rose-tints of greatness while he had idled, supine, and listened to the murmur of their talk.

Through a mass of red alders Haney caught the glint of water and flung toward it impatiently. A startled rabbit scuttled away suddenly from beneath his feet; but he took no notice. That was what had defeated him—his conceit; he knew it now. They thought he was a genius and he had become so accustomed to the idea that he had worn his hair long, and loafed. There was little consolation in the thought that many another jackass had been led to mistake hoofs for paws and a bray for a roar. He had thought he was the thing called "IT", for whose coming the world was praying every night when it said its "Now-I-lay-me's" !

Well, he had learned different—that the world had only hard knocks, the merry ha-ha and big swift kicks for "geniuses" of his ilk; that it hadn't much use for a genius who couldn't make good. It had taken him just a year to discover that what had been mistaken for indications of genius were but incipient qualifications for becoming a first-class "bum" ! that the Royal Road was nothing but a cow-path which wandered away into the tall timbers ! The School of Bumps and Bald Facts had taught him that spades were trumps in this life; the slogan, "Dig !", the penalty for not digging, hunger and degradation; that a man couldn't amount to much without something definite ahead, someone to work for, homefolks who cared.

A sob caught in Haney's throat. His weak chin quivered as he nibbled at the ragged edges of his moustache and two big tears of self-pity welled from his eyes and slowly dribbled into the coarse stubble of his beard.

He pushed through the underbrush to the edge of the pond and sat down on a rotting log. A pair of blue-jays flew off with discordant cries; a solitary woodpecker on a dead stub near by perked his head suspiciously, then went on pounding for breakfast; away on the other side a party of crows were squabbling noisily over their morning meal; the mist was wreathing up off the water and the air was filled with the fresh, sweet smell of wood-wold. But to the young man, staring moodily with unseeing eyes, all these things were subconscious.

He had joined a circus after he ran away and he was thinking of those

heart-killing weeks as canvasman. He had tried to qualify for the show in the big tent; but they had only laughed at him when he said he could walk a slack-wire, and it took *four* clean somersaults to get over the backs of the elephants. So he had quit. Then came the patent-medicine outfit with its rickety rigs unhitched in a countless succession of vacant lots; he had earned a precarious living, playing the guitar and mouth organ and singing coon-songs as part of the "Free Show" under a flaring gasoline light. When he left the "Professor" he had got a job in an architect's office for awhile as draughtsman, and "on the side" had "done" some cartoons for the local newspapers.

Then he had tried the reporting end of the game, and left that to go as chainman for a surveying gang up into the black-fly country where it was impossible to get drunk. From there he had drifted west, becoming a stevedore in 'Frisco. Thence he had wandered across the border to the Slocan country and for a very little while had run a roulette wheel in a gambling-joint. Revulsion had put a shovel into his hands and set him to sweating with Swedes and Dagoes as a section-man, in which capacity he had slowly worked his way east again. At Winnipeg he had cleaned streets; at Toronto he had joined a sideshow at the Fair, and after that got work, picking fruit, on the Niagara Peninsula. Professional baseball in the South had capped everything, and for three months—ever since that spree—he had been hoboing it with great success, a common tramp, a "Weary Willie", a "Dusty Roads", just as they were pictured in the funny papers.

Career? Oh, decidedly, he had had a career! He had done his stunt on the gallop with one hand tied behind his back, it was that easy to do it. Only now the grandstand was seeing him through the wrong end of the lenses, and he and the world were hopelessly out of focus for all time to come!

Haney felt in his pocket and drew out his bag of biscuits. He tapped one of them with a grimy finger-nail and croaked with grim levity at its hardness. He munched at it tentatively; but the dry food stuck in his throat and he flung the lunch into the pond and wandered off down the cowpath. When he came to a mossy hollow, filled with fallen leaves, he threw himself down and stretched out lazily.

An hour went by. Slowly the sun crept towards the zenith, shrouded in the magic Indian Summer haze, and all through the warm, dreamy morning the golden leaves fluttered down, glinting and wobbling in the sunshine; the nuts dropped one by one on the woodland carpet and the little squirrels chattered sharply as they rustled about their frolicsome business.

Haney dozed. After awhile he fell asleep.

A dry stick snapped somewhere. He awoke as had become his habit, with senses alert, without movement to betray reclaimed faculties, eyes opening cautiously. They widened quickly to a stare, then closed again impatiently. If it hadn't been such an impossible thing he would have sworn that a man was crouching directly opposite, grinning at him with the face of "Diggie" MacPherson. He opened his eyes once more, prepared to laugh at the idea.

But Haney didn't laugh. He propped himself quickly on elbow with a grunt of unalloyed amazement; it seemed as if his eyes must pop out of his head altogether. For squatting in front of him *was* MacPherson with "Pussy" Angles on his left, Lennie Clarkson on his right; next them again sat "Tex" Musson and his brother, Bert; Tuck and the two Rickley boys completed the circle.

Haney's face yellowed miserably under its tan. Something seemed to shrivel up and shrink to a lump within him. His throat was dry and thick. In all the homesick longing that had urged his return had been no thought of meeting any of his old friends.

"How—How'n—?" he stammered in bewilderment. He wet his lips and stared on, mutely astounded.

But not one of them was looking at him; they kept their eyes on the ground,

their faces stolid, the while they rocked back and forth to the rhythm of a weird Indian chant. Haney watched them stupidly, lost in the flutter of his emotion, heard the chant swell to a pitch that lifted the whole bunch of tom-fools to their feet, saw "Diggie" MacPherson lead off in a wild scalp-dance, round and round, to an accompaniment of blood-curdling whoops that would not have lost individuality at a frontier massacre.

It was in the middle of this performance that Haney recovered his wits and tried to bolt, immediately to find the whole circle on top of him with a yell of mock ferocity. Sixteen hands fastened relentlessly upon his person and in spite of his struggles he was hoisted like a log to eight shoulders and carried off in triumph, his protestations drowned in the old gang yell:

"Rick-a-Rack-a! Fire-a-Crack-a!
Zip! Boom! Bah!
Squeedunk! *Squeedunk*!
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!"

So they came to the place where the lady members of St. Mark's Church Literary Society were setting out the contents of the picnic baskets upon a snowy cloth, spread upon the ground. Chic Clarkson and Billy Rowat, who had gone after a pail of water, spilled most of it into their boots at sight of the procession marching upon them through the woods; Lil Wheatley stood stock still and stared, an olive bottle in one hand, a fork poised in the other; so did Clara Rowat with both hands hugged tight to her breast; Frankie Cullen forgot that she had angel-cake icing on her fingers and stood wiping them absently on her newest skirt; Nan Brownlee gasped "Oh!" and started to giggle; Mary McCorcoran, Jessie Stanton, Luella Musson, Jennie O'Grady, Mrs. Bender, Mrs. Jim Percival—astonishment supreme blossomed on each and every one of the familiar faces.

The sight of the girls lent panic strength to Haney's struggles; but eight to one with reinforcements to the eight is poor odds and he writhed in vain. He implored them to let him go, gnashed his teeth in frenzied helplessness; given the opportunity, he could have strangled any one of these idiots with the keenest of relish. Seven times around the table-cloth they marched with great noise, and wound up with an ornithological chorus: "W-e-l-c-o-m-e — H-o-m-e — W-e-l-come Home!"

With the termination of the nonsense the walls of the universe came tumbling about Haney's ears. They squeezed his hands numb; they pumped the arms off him; they slapped him on the back till he choked, and slapped him some more till he stopped; they shouted with laughter at his rag-tag-and-bob-tail appearance, telling each other that it was just like such an original son-of-a-gun to come back this way, and wagging their heads in appreciation of their own cleverness at uncovering the joke; the girls smothered him with excited congratulations till Haney in despair gave up all attempts to fathom their lunacy, grinned till his face ached, agreed to everything, went crazy like the rest of them without knowing anything except that everybody was glad to see him.

Enlightenment came when MacPherson drew him to one side after things had quieted down somewhat, and the eatables were beginning to divert attention. Haney's lower jaw sagged in utter amazement and disbelief as he listened to the whispered news; for it appeared that a story entitled "Upside Down" had captured the $5,000 prize in the great short-story contest inaugurated by the *Universal Magazine* twelve months ago, that the awards had been made public just three weeks previous and the first-prize story had made an instantaneous hit—that, in short, the critics were hailing one Alexander Haney as the humorist of a decade.

There are times when the mind staggers in its attempt to adjust itself to the Unexpected. Haney remembered writing the story, of course; it belonged to the days *before*. It was a funny story which had made him laugh while he wrote; a week later he could not have written it because that was—*after*, when nothing was funny. He had shown it only to his father and his

HANEY'S LOWER JAW SAGGED IN UTTER AMAZEMENT AND DISBELIEF AS HE LISTENED

father had—laughed, too; so he had sent it in to the prize contest. Things since then had been so constantly upside down in reality that the story had almost entirely lost place in his thoughts. . . .

"Don't stand there gaping like a ninny!" MacPherson finished hur-

riedly. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "They don't know—the *truth*." Haney started. "You're supposed to 've been writing to me regularly—and your father. You've been expected back daily, y' understand. You were commissioned by some magazine to search out story material, weren't you ?—disguised as a tramp ? You catch on—disguised as a tramp ? Or maybe somebody stole your clothes? Talk ! Lie ! Lie to beat the band ! See you after we eat. . . ."

Haney was hungry; he ate a lot; everything tasted the same. He seemed to have wandered out of himself somehow; he could look back and see himself sitting on the ground, eating his way along a wedge of pie, calmly, from point to crust, laughing, chatting, saying: "Yes, thank you" and "No, thank you, Mrs. Bender, I've had plenty"—setting everybody about him laughing by the most commonplace remarks. He heard himself responding to a lemonade toast at the last, telling them of strange adventures—lying—lying "to beat the band."

MacPherson glanced over his shoulder and slackened his pace. "I told them you were tired and naturally anxious to get home and cleaned up," he volunteered, "that I'd see you as far as the railroad track and rejoin them over in the hickory grove if somebody hadn't been there already and got most of the nuts." He blew a breath of relief. "Well, you carried that off in fine shape, Al. I confess I was nervous for a bit."

Haney gripped him by the arm. "Look here, Diggie," he expostulated, "I want to know what's what. How much of all this about a $5,000 cheque is on the level ?"

"All of it. We thought you'd see the announcement in the magazine or the newspapers and come home. When I found you asleep I might not have recognized you otherwise. We were kind of expecting you."

"We ?"

"Your father and myself."

"My fa. But. Oh Lord, am I awake or dreaming ?"

"Let us hope it is awake, Al", ventured MacPherson with meaning.

Haney rounded on him angrily. "What do you mean by that ? MacPherson, you're not acting square with me. You talk in riddles. You're holding something back. This cheque—where is it ?" he demanded.

The other's eyebrows lifted. "Where but at the rectory—in your father's keeping", he said slowly.

"Well, I want it. Diggie, old man, will you go in and get it for me? Will you ?" His eagerness was unmistakable.

"What will you do with it ?"

"Cash it."

"Of course. But what are you going to do with the money ?"

"That, Diggie, if I may say so, is none of your business", and Haney's tones were impatient, resentful.

"Maybe so, maybe so."

"I need it, Diggie. Good heavens ! can't you see that I need the money ?" His voice trembled. "Why, how—how do you suppose I can go in looking like this ?—go home in these old clothes, I mean ? I—why, I want a new suit for one thing and a shave and—and—" He faltered before the other's look.

"That'll do ! Caesar's Ghost ! do you take me for a fool ? Don't try to bluff *me* !" Haney winced under the grip on his shoulder; he could not look into the eyes which blazed angrily in the white of MacPherson's face. "You're worse than I thought, Haney. You know as well as I do that as soon as you got that money you'd get out as fast as you could go. You're too much of a coward to go home and face it out. That for your manhood !"

The snap of his fingers, the utter contempt, stung Haney to the quick. His face paled and he shifted his feet uneasily. This—why, this was Diggie talking to him—Diggie, his oldest and closest friend through all the years.

"I—aw, now, old man,—I—" he began lamely; but MacPherson fiercely whirled him about, pinning him against a tree-trunk.

"Shut up !" he growled through shut teeth. "Stand there, will you ! Hmph! I have a few things to say to you,

m'boy, and I rather guess you're going to listen to them. Hmph! I know all about your trouble with your father. I know who took the Church Building Fund money out of the vestry and how it disappeared in Mickleboro's bucket-shop uptown when the wheat market took a ten-point flop! I know something of what your father said to you when he found out. I know that you skipped town that night because you believed he intended to carry out his threat of handing you over to the authorities."

He paused. Haney said nothing nor did he look up from the tattered boot which alternately loosened the earth at the root of the tree and patted it down again, loosened the earth and patted it down again, only the burn of his ears showed that he heard.

"It was lucky for you that you went when you did," continued MacPherson, "not because of your father. No, but because— You didn't know that they were after you even while you and your father were having it out? Well, they were. When Wallace, the churchwarden, found that he'd been fool enough to leave the money behind on the vestry table he was scared stiff and went back for it hot-foot. When he found it was gone he was wild. He suspected the janitor till old man Smart conclusively established his alibi; then Wallace went to the police. Detective Tommy Allison called at the rectory and enquired for you—not twenty minutes after you left."

Haney flashed one quick, startled look. "I—I didn't know that," he muttered apprehensively.

"No. Well, anyway, they were Johnny-wise to everything you'd been doing. Allison called about eleven-thirty. I happened along past your place a few minutes after Tommy had gone. As I got opposite the gap in the hedge the door opened and I saw your father come running, bareheaded, down the walk. The light from the hanging-lamp in the hall showed him up clearly, and seeing that he was pretty much agitated, I stopped short in my tracks, wondering what had happened.

"He recognized me at once and clutched my arm excitedly. He was so upset that for a moment he couldn't speak at all. Then—'The police!' he gasped. 'A detective! Has he gone? Stanley, you're a good fellow; you're Alex's chum. Tell me you're sure he's gone.' He saw that I didn't understand and began dragging me up the walk. 'Come inside, Stanley—inside, my boy. I will tell you. Nobody will overhear us there. Maybe you can help. I know you'll help if you can.'

"My presence seemed to quiet him considerably, and he told me the trouble. He was very anxious that the police should not discover you and kept urging me to go out and find you and tell you to leave town for awhile; he even gave me some money to help you get away safely—

"You wouldn't be surprised at that, Alex, if you had even begun to know your father yet. . . . If you could have seen his chin quivering as he told me how he had been quarrelling with you— He kept running his hand nervously through his grey hair till it was all on end; when he wasn't doing that he was rubbing his palms along his knees—I remember that his black trousers were shiny and that he had on a pair of scuffed old slippers. . . . I felt sorry for him that night. He was greatly disturbed because he had lied to the detective about you; he—kept asking me if I thought that was a very wrong thing to do.

" 'For you know, Stanley, Alex is a good boy at heart. I cannot condone—what he has done; but I feel sure he didn't take the money except under great provocation—great provocation, Stanley. I can't think that he would do it—wilfully. I'm sure he won't do it again. That's why they mustn't find him to-night, Stanley. Confound them!' he finished, 'why can't they mind their own business!'—I think he was even then formulating a plan to cover up the whole thing, and that the detectives would find you before he could carry it out was his greatest fear.

"I promised to get you away if at all possible. I traced you to the L. E. & D. R. track and even walked out as far as the woods here to make sure you weren't loitering. You had fortunate-

ly gone and next day the missing money was found down a crack in the floor beneath the vestry table—"

"What ?" asked Haney, huskily.

MacPherson smiled for the first time since he had begun his recital. "You don't know what a lot your father thinks of you, Alex. I can't tell you how the money got there; but—I have my suspicions. I do know that a considerable portion of your father's bookcases were missing in the library the next time I called—were upstairs somewhere, I suppose—because they crowded his study. . . . "

He laid a hand diffidently on the other's shoulder. "Al, old fellow, buck up ! It's been an interesting game in a way—keeping the church crowd strung along as to where you were and what you were doing -but I'm glad it's over. I don't think there's been any flukes worth speaking of; your father and I've been as thick as fleas and become great friends. This story success— Say, it's come at just the right time and it's great, old boy—great ! I always said you had it in you . . . "

"Don't ! For God's sake, *don't* !"

MacPherson twiddled his watch-chain for a moment in awkward silence. "Well, so long, Al.," he ventured at length. "I must be getting back. I'm captain of the ball team this year. We're in third place in the city league. Pretty rotten, eh ? Practice Friday night. Want you on hand sure — Game with *Comets* Saturday. See you later."

Haney waited until he disappeared among the trees with a final wave of the hand. Then he stumbled blindly, recklessly, down the hill and back across the pasture to the track, his vision blurred. He drew the back of his hand across his eyes and laughed shakily. He faced the hill, beyond which lay the big woods, and drew in a great breath.

With shining eyes he turned resolutely toward the town and the cinders crunched quickly beneath his broken boots.

MEMORY

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

NOW I have come back,
I so long away,
All is at it was
Golden is the day.

Silver is the dusk,
Gay the fluting bird,
All is as it was
When 'twas we who heard.

All is as it was
Yonder breaks the dawn-
Now I have come back,
Only, you are gone.

WHERE TWO COUNTRIES JOIN
The white line shows the international boundary line between Canada and Alaska

Behind the Coast Islands

By Robert Wilson

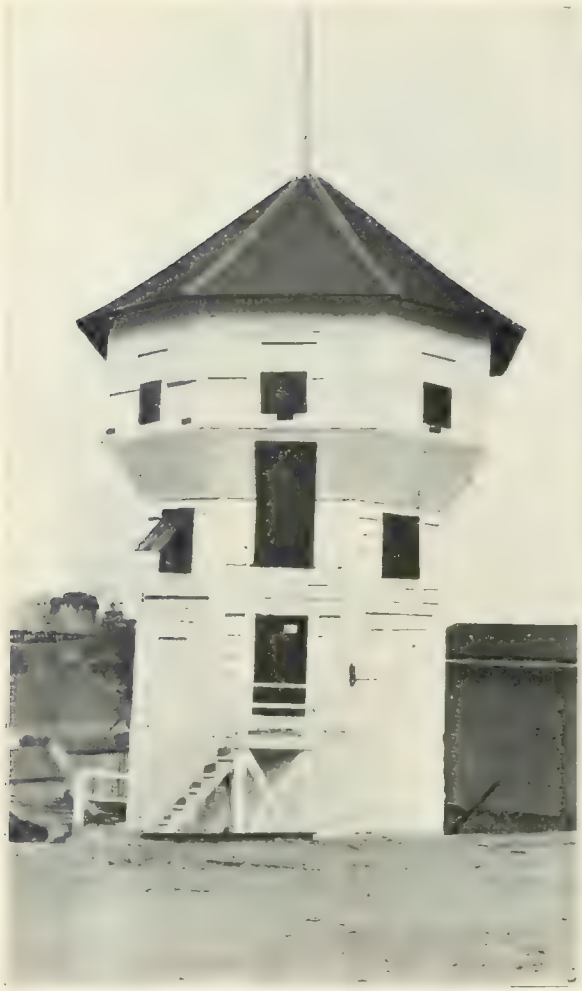
Illustrated from Photographs

I WAS travelling from Vancouver to Calgary when I met Jones, and along about Revelstoke we got to talking. The conversation started with our running time, branched off into mines, and drifted to Alaska.

"I make Alaska," explained Jones, in salesman's lingo. "Coast towns, of course. Last year me'n another fellow got together. I was sellin' canned meats for Packem Brothers and he had a line of hardware. We chartered a launch, and went up the coast from Vancouver, inside the islands. When we hit a town, we'd put up a notice, 'Dance to-night. All white folks invited.' I played the mandolin and my partner played the violin, or if they had a piano or melodeon in town he'd work that, an' we'd have a crackerjack time. After the dance, we'd sell the inhabitants. Never had so much fun in my life as I did last year. It's the prettiest kind of a trip."

Later, I went myself, though in one of the Grand Trunk Pacific's steamships, instead of an open launch, and quite agreed with h m. Up the Pacific Coast inside the islands is a trip by no means to be despised.

There is probably no country that has so many kinds of beautiful natural advantages as Canada. Most people know the islanded reaches of the St. Lawrence, the piny regions of Temagami and the Highlands of Ontario; most, too, know the charms of the magnificent Canadian Rockies, so far as they have been explored, but as yet comparatively few are familiar with the coastwise beauties of British Columbia. When I disembarked from the stately Prince George, after making the trip from Vancouver to Stewart, I decided that the voyage up the western coast is as beautiful as anything that Canada has to offer to sightseer or vacationist. The long-ridged rollers of the Pacific may batter at the outer fringes of the protecting islands, the winds of the western sea tear at their forests, but inside where



TOWER OF OLD HUDSON BAY COMPANY FORT AT NANAIMO, B. C., BUILT 1853

the steamers glide between glassy waters the sea is still, reflecting the magnificent slopes of the snow-capped, glacier-fronted mountains, the dark shadows of the Douglas firs and the sailing sea-gulls. Not even Captain Corcoran of "Pinafore" fame need fear to affirm that he is—

"Never, no, never sick at sea"

here. The pointed wake of the steamer is the only wave that troubles the surface, the cool breeze that scarcely ripples the channel, the highest wind. One might say that the whole coast-line channel is completely landlocked.

To the weary and nerve-exhausted, new life and vigor—mental and physical—comes with the scent of the balsam and the pine, and the pure, bracing sea breezes. And perhaps, to many, the fact that an ocean trip may be enjoyed minus ocean terrors and seasickness will make doubly attractive a voyage in these land-locked waters, through what has been truly described as the Wonderland of the West."

From all parts of the world visitors go to the Norwegian fiords, where in comparatively calm waters one may sail among some of the best coastal scenery of Europe. The Vancouver-Stewart trip reminds one strongly of the deeply-indented bays, the rugged mountains, the dark forests of the land of the Midnight Sun, and in addition, at the end of the trip there is the picturesque town of Stewart, and the roughly-hewn edges of the frontier.

At Stewart you see a city in the making, and meet the true pioneer. You may even assist to fish somebody's small Johnny or Susie out of the ocean, into which he has fallen off the back-porch when the tide is in. You may see mines there, and on the way visit such cities as Prince Rupert, the western terminal point of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which was laid out from water-front to boulevard before a plowshare drove into soil, or an axe was laid to the root of a tree; Metlakahtlah, the mission city; Port Simpson, and various other points that, while now they are in the rough, will be, in the near future, ports as busy as Vancouver or Seattle is to-day.

Away to the westward, as the steamer sweeps up through the Straits of Georgia, are the Queen Charlotte Islands, tribal home of the Haidas. The mighty Skeena River opens up fresh delights for the tourist, wherein nature, in her wildest and most impressive moods, may be seen, and to the lover

THE CITY OF VANCOUVER, WHENCE THE COASTWISE STEAMERS SAIL

The photograph shows a big liner coming into Burrard Inlet from the Narrows. From the beginning of the voyage to the end, the whole coastline is completely landlocked.

ALL HANDS ON DECK FOR THE FINALS AT SHUFFLEBOARD

A series of games is often played during the course of the voyage, and excitement runs high as the scores run perilously close together.

A TANGLE OF BEAUTY "WHERE ALL DAY THE WHITE WAVES LAP AND WHISPER"

PROVING UP ON THE SALMON FISHERMAN'S STORY

of nature it offers every variety of recreation, in the way of fishing and hunting.

Then there are the islands—little private gardens of Eden without the snake—where sail-boats are the street cars and you call on your next neighbor across four or five miles of salt water. They are ideal for camping and hunting, and many of them are unexplored, except perhaps by the Siwashes, whose canoes you may see gliding between the wooded shores as you lean against the guard of the steamer.

As the boat passes up the Portland Canal, at the far extremity of which lies Stewart, our port of destination, we travel along the much debated-over international boundary line that separates Canada from the United States. For over a hundred miles the mid-channel of this natural waterway is the dividing line between the two countries. Thence the boundary line runs up the steep slope of the Alaska Mountain, at the head of the Canal, and on from peak to peak to old Mount St. Elias. The district on the Dominion side of the line is rich with great ore ledges which are just barely missed by the American stakes. The townsite of Stewart itself was originally in the United States. Stories of adventure and sacrifice, of toil and hardships, of

AN ANCIENT INDIAN RELIC IN ALERT BAY

financial crises that have whitened men's hair, and stories again of great successes and immense wealth, are connected with the Portland Canal and the properties that lie along its banks.

The boats themselves—the Prince Rupert and Prince George—are unexpectedly luxurious in appointment for steamers travelling such an out-of-the-way track. They are fitted up from stem to stern with an eye to comfort and beauty, a promenade deck from

"COMES PINK DAWN ON A SEA OF SHIMMERING LIGHT"

which one can have an unobstructed view of the scenery, a ladies' "lounge", an elegant smoking room where one may find the rubber of whist, the silent game of solitaire or the latest magazine, while near at hand is the obliging button that will call the still more obliging steward to one's elbow, and many other comforts not usually found in coastwise steamers.

Tales from all the world are told here of mining and surveying in Alaska and the Yukon, of sheep-herding and cattle-raising in Australia, of the "gold days" in California and the buried treasure of the dons, of love and adventure, which make up the thirty-nine tales that cannot be told to ladies and the fortieth one that can. For on these boats travel men who have been around the world and are seeking adventure in the great undeveloped country to the northwest, where a man has a chance to show the stuff that is in him, and if you know how, you may gather from them some fragments of the story of the lives of others,—and something of their own.

There, for example, I gleaned the story of Simon Haley, New York clubman and "angel" in a Dawson saloon, which means "bouncer" and requires wire muscles and chilled-steel nerve. There, too, one night, I heard the crowning adventure in the lurid career of "Devil Nell", as told by a quiet and grizzled man who saw her dramatic finish on the pearl-shell streets of Noumea, and heard another man,

NEAR THE HEAD OF PORTLAND CANAL

named prosaically "B. Smith", chat of Chinese pirates at sea and others equally piratical—silk-clad and impenetrable merchants of Canton.

Everybody has at some time yearned to go down to the sea in ships, and for a first adventure, the coastwise trip from Vancouver to Stewart cannot be surpassed for beauty, picturesqueness or comfort. From the moment that the cry, "All visitors ashore", rises, and the hawsers are cast off, as the big boat swings slowly away from the Vancouver wharf and slowly moves out of Burrard Inlet towards the island-bound straits that await her cleaving keel, to the moment that she unloads her precious freight at Stewart, there is something to interest the voyager and make him glad that he came.

ONE CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF A FISHERMAN'S TINY CRAFT

The Dream That Didn't Come True

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

Illustrated by Marjory Mason

A NEW YORK telephone exchange is not a place in which one expects to find conditions conducive to friendship, or conversation, or indeed any of the gentle amenities of existence. Everyone is in such a hurry, notwithstanding the fact that they sit all day. Yet even here a few persistent virtues and graces manage to creep in occasionally, and at the "Washington Central" Rose O'Connell seemed to be their high priestess, celebrating their rites whenever opportunity offered. From the frowsy boy who went about with a canvas bag, picking up scraps and emptying waste-baskets, to the sleek, spectacled manager who had hired her, everyone on her shift knew and liked her, the dullest face brightening in response to her ever cheery (often impertinent) greeting. When anything was wrong in the office, Rose saw it and never failed to try to put it right with a good-natured word, or a bit of chaff. And to-day something was amiss with her neighbor at the big switchboard—Miss Issacs, a sad-eyed young woman, who seemed in distress. Rose instantly longed to cheer the other and she watched, cat-like, to pounce upon the first opportunity for speech with her neighbor.

The chance came at last, following immediately upon the manager's second reproof to Miss Issacs, who was a new-comer.

"Say, take it from me," said Miss O'Connell, kindly; "the best way is to answer 'em sweetly even when they sound fit to bite your head off. Sure as you're short with 'em, in comes the complaints and, whiz! before you're on to what's happened, you're in the street with no ten-spot coming to you Friday night."

"I ain't really cross," replied the girl, "only I feel real bad. Mommer was buried last night, an' they all talk like they didn't care. . . . . 4066 Grand? Oh, 4606—hold the wire . . . . . .

Miss O'Connell set a shocked face toward her own section, and a sudden bitterness, born of sympathy for that of the girl beside her, welled in her heart. O, that cruel, impersonal world out there! So near, but so remote; composed of voices—just voices, which spoke into your very ear, yet knew you not; whose being began with a metallic "click" and ended in the same fashion. That impatient world which drove one relentlessly; alternately angry, or sarcastic, or stupid, in its behavior; or merely indifferent . . . not caring.

That silly world who spoke to the human atom in the mechanism as though she were a machine, and then, in curious perversity, belabored the machine itself as though it were human, responsible, and personally vindictive.

Be it understood, gentle reader, that Rose thought all this in much less elegant language. Briefly stated, her thoughts and emotions connected with the subject might be more exactly summed up thus: she had a heavy feeling upon her chest, as after eating twice of pancakes at White's, and was aware that the aforesaid feeling came from the fact that she knew what Miss Issacs meant when the latter said, "They talked as if they didn't care !" And that was as far as her analysis went, for Miss O'Connell was fortunate in having a considerable amount of imagination, but no habit of introspection.

Something, she decided, must be done for Miss Issacs; but what ? The occasion was a special one, and so difficult that she almost knitted her brows over the question. Then she smiled a little, as a voice which of late had made the shadow-world a trifle less impersonal, fell upon her ear; and after a brief conversation her face brightened completely, all her natural sunshine returning.

"You certainly *can* give her something", the Voice had replied in response to her rapid, though necessarily disguised, statement of the case. "Give her a little of yourself, of your sunshine; keep her with you for a while." Then, in flat contradiction of her doubt, —"why, that's the very best present you could give her—worth all the gold in the world !"

"Aw, that's a silly notion," said she to herself when the Voice had rung off, "but I'll have a try at it anyways."

And so in the cloak-room, half apologizing to herself for the presumption, she made good this resolve. Miss Issacs demurred at first, but finally took Rose's proffered arm, and together they left the building; much to the surprise of Katie Reilly, who saw them in the big elevator, and afterward joined them on the sidewalk. Hitherto Katie had been Rose's special friend, and it was not without jealousy that she greeted the addition to their intimacy. She said "Hello" to Rose and introductions followed.

"I want to make you acquainted with Miss Issacs, Miss Reilly," said Rose, and as Katie murmured "Pleased to meet you," added in a whisper, "She's just lost her mother, an' we're going home with her to help her, the poor thing !"

And "Aw, the poor thing !" echoed Katie in a breathy whisper, thereafter demurring no more.

None of which, aside from that very slight allusion to the Voice, has anything much to do with the story except to show how these three lone girls came to be such very intimate friends, and why they all came to live together in a two-room flat on the upper East Side—a flat for which Miss Issacs held a lease and an obligation to pay more rent than she possibly could, now that her mother was dead and there was no one to help. And how . . . . . but I really must be careful, or this will get to be Miss Issacs' story, which is not at all what I intended.

So let us go back to the Voice, which, as time went on, was daily becoming more and more familiar to Rose, and increasing proportionally as a factor in her life.

"Did he call up to-day ?" asked Katie, one evening after supper, when they were newly established in the flat.

"You bet he did !" replied Rose, busy with the dish-rag. "Say, he certainly is the queer one ! What d'yer think he asked me ?"

"Out ter dinner !" chorused the two girls.

"Naw !" said Rose, contemptuously, "he ain't one of them guys ! He asked me did I ever read the Ruby-at."

"What is it ?" asked Katie.

"It's a pome," replied Rose, gravely.

"Gee !" ejaculated Katie; "how'd he come to say that ?"

"Oh, I said somethin' about being satisfied with enough to eat an' a good book to read, and he said that idea was in that pome."

"Was you thinking of poetry when you said it ?" Katie asked mischievously.

"No," admitted her friend truthfully, "I was thinking of Laura Jean Libby."

"You must be pretty well acquainted with him to be talkin' to him like that," remarked Katie, "What kind of a feller do you suppose he is ?"

"A lonely feller," responded Rose, promptly.

"Sure," assented Miss Reilly, "but what about looks, and the rest ?"

"I should say, by the voice, he is a blond," said Rose, in all seriousness.

"And young ?"

"Of course, or he wouldn't be talking to a strange girl he never seen !"

"D'you suppose he's rich ?" mused Katie.

"No, or he wouldn't be lónesome," Rose replied drily.

"Say, girls," interrupted Rebecca Issacs, emerging from the depths of the pale pink evening paper in which she had been engrossed; "Say, girls, there's a sale of elegant willow-plumes at Rochstine's to-morrow—regular twelve-dollar value for five-ninety-eight. Guess I'll get one for my theayter hat. They're dead swell !"

Whereat the Voice was for the moment forgotten, while the three, with never a thought for economies, planned how to starve their bodies in order that their hats might be adorned.

Now although she said but little about it, Rose had made a very definite mental picture of the Voice. She saw in her image of him a sort of cross between John Drew and James K. Hackett, with a few of Faversham's best qualities thrown in for good measure. He was, she decided, about twenty-five years of age; stalwart, tall, and noble. He was no common "josher", she was sure, and of his blondness she was convinced. The acquaintance had come about in an odd way. He had thanked her—*actually thanked* her for her courtesy about a certain intricate call, and from that time on they had been friends although they had never met. At first their conversations were confined to an exchange of greetings, and even now amounted to little more; just a few friendly words. But somehow they seemed to know each other well.

In the girl's mind, at least, the idea of a romance was inevitable, although nothing he had ever said gave her the slightest ground for such imaginings. But when one's heart is somewhat starved, it takes very little to awaken the hope of intimacy, and so she had visions of some day meeting the owner of the Voice—that well-bred Voice, so gentle, yet resonant—and once she had met him . . . . . who knows ?

At all times her visions were humble enough: a two or three-roomed flat, say, like the one she lived in now, only without the girls, of course, for he would be there. And it should be furnished differently too. Mission chairs and table in the parlor (if parlor there was to be) and an elastic bookcase; light blue paper on the bedroom wall, a brass bed, and crisp white muslin curtains and spread. They would always be crisp and white, those curtains, for Rose loved to iron and knew how to crimp the starched edge of a ruffle so beautifully that it looked almost as regular as if done by machinery. This was well enough, but the best room of all would be the kitchen. In imagination she had bought a certain roll of blue-and-white oil-cloth which stood in a certain shop window, at least a dozen times; and as often, covered her phantasmal kitchen floor, table and shelves with it. How the ever-freshly blackened range would glow and sparkle to the delight of the sleek cat upon the hearth ! Saucy little half-curtains, like frilly white skirts, should adorn the two windows. Outside, behind them, the white snow-flakes would drift down silently; while before them, on the low, well-scrubbed sills, would be little pots of geraniums with red, red blossoms held stiffly aloft. She would have lovely white enameled utensils to cook with—no ten-cent store things for her ! Everything would be neat, immaculate, charming, and it would be her delight to keep it so.

She saw herself in a cheap but becoming gown and all-enveloping checked apron, preparing supper. Chop-suey was fine, with a cup of hot coffee, and there were those little cakes with white, sticky frosting on them, that

she could make so nicely; *and then* there was the big blond man coming in at last with the snow-powder still upon his broad shoulders, his face lighting up at her greeting. . . . .

O, yes, it was a very simple dream.

Meanwhile she worked hard and long, and continued to be the life-bringing member of the staff, even though, as the autumn advanced, she felt increasingly chilly in her thin, stylish suit, and was obliged to walk to and from the exchange, to which discomfort the purchase of the willow-plume had temporarily reduced her; and which crowning glory, waving as it did, at a somewhat marked altitude above her brown curls, could not be said to add to the warmth of her raiment. Even her pride in it, which had at first sufficed to keep her warm, was proving a little thin.

And every day the *Voice* spoke to her and they exchanged banter or suggestions, *viz*: What one did for a cold; opinions on the Rubaiyat—which she had bought; the fashions, the political situation, aeroplanes (neither of them, it developed, had ever seen one) ethics, religion, what you will—but never love!

Still the dream went on in Rose's heart, with only one thing to cloud its homely cheeriness: the number which he called each day, (and he called but once) was always the same. Was it a sweetheart's? At last, no longer able to endure the suspense, Rose looked the number up and found—a doctor's office.

After this the character of the dream changed somewhat, for the Blond Man lay upon a couch, and ever, ever she cared for him, faithful and tender, cheering him with the sunshine of her love.

"As he's an invalid," she decided, "I must be special extra polite an' cheerful to him."

Which she was, with the result that presently they were on a more intimate footing, if so substantial a word can be considered applicable to such very ethereal intercourse. He told her many of his thoughts—very beautiful and abstract they were; and she asked his advice upon a host of subjects. He seemed to possess unlimited culture—or so it appeared to Rose—and to have had a vast experience of life. She came to the conclusion that he must be very poor indeed, to be so nice, and yet alone. He told her that he had not a relative in the world, and received in return the information that she was in the same condition. One day, a little at a loss for something to say, his call coming in at an unexpected moment, she had remarked:—

"Say, isn't this a *hungry* day—so nice and cold! Did you have a good dinner?"

And the Voice, laughing a little, replied.

"Pretty good, for me a bowl of soup and an orange!"

Whereat such a dismal picture of his poverty arose before her sensitive vision, that she was obliged to ring off abruptly for fear of betraying her emotion.

Sometimes she fancied there was a note of sadness in the Voice; a deep, still sadness which underlaid all he said—even his jokes, which were few. But as to the man's actual identity, she remained as ignorant as she had been on that day, now months ago, when she had first heard his singularly pleasing voice. Of course, she could have pursued the same method as that which she had followed in the case of his doctor, and at least learned his name; nothing could have been easier. But respect for his incognito restrained her, and perhaps pride, as well, for she felt that it was his place to dissolve the mystery which surrounded him, not hers to tear it away unauthorized. But despite her lack of a certain kind of knowledge about him, he daily grew more real to her, more vital and more necessary; and the dream grew in vividness until it became at last a sort of second existence, a bright light burning within her breast like a hearth-fire with a steady, friendly glow. And from the depths of this warm hope she continued to give gladness freely to those about her.

The season of the year when the price of necessities begins to soar, was fast approaching. In other words, it was almost Thanksgiving. The twilights

came earlier and earlier, and were very cold.

"What are you thankful for this year, Rose?" asked Katie on one of these evenings, as the three girls were walking from the exchange to the elevated station at Eighth Street.

"O, lots of things," replied Rose, "I couldn't very well think of them all right off. There's you two A-1 friends, all right, all right; and my willow-plume, and the rent receipt and getting over the grippe, and *Him*, the Voice!"

"Say, you'r always thinking of that feller," said Miss Issacs. "I'm thankful you've got something to be thankful for, because I *ain't*. I got this here job, an' nothin' else, an' I *work* for my money an' don't you ferget it! No call to be thankful about *that*!"

"You ought ter be," interposed Katie; "there's plenty of folks ain't even got a job."

Then she halted the trio while she stooped to tie her shoe-lace. Now it happened that the corner on which they paused was that of Fifth Avenue, and that the railing upon which Katie rested the worn tip of her boot while she fastened the broken lace, was a very magnificent bronze railing of intricate design, and that the house which it guarded with such superfluous strength, was a very fine one. Indeed, this house was one of the largest, most unsightly, cumbersome and expensive in the neighborhood; an aristocrat even among the ancient (save the mark!) and aristocratic dwellings of this most dignified quarter of the city. Katie straightened from her task and sighed as she looked up at its massive brownstone facade. Miss Issacs shook her fist at it.

"Think of all the feller that owns this house must have to be thankful for!" she exclaimed wrathfully, "And still I bet he ain't, either."

Which sentiment, though not very lucidly expressed, was clearly understood by her companions, and reproved by one.

"It's Patrick F. Shean's house," Rose informed them. "They say he made his money by working hard, same's us. He was a newsboy when he was a kid. I read a piece in the paper about it once."

"Huh! Don't you believe it!" retaliated Miss Issacs, "The rich is always rich an' the poor is always poor."

"Well," added Katie, "howsoever that is, I don't believe he or his folks has an extra gay time. I never seen a light in the parlor onc't in all the times I've gone by here."

"It would be grand to be rich!" sighed Miss Issacs.

"O, I don't know," said Rose, mentally stepping into that visionary flat of hers as she spoke. "There's other things in life."

With which truism they set off again for the elevated station.

The next day was the one preceding that of national rejoicing and praise. The wires hummed even more busily than was their wont. Wives wanted their husbands to tell them what train to catch to grandmother's; husbands wanted to know if they really had to go. Innumerable queries as to whether myriad Aunt Marys or Uncle Johns were to be expected or not, whizzed to and fro. Regrets, invitations, excuses and urgings were fired back and forth all day. One woman, mistaking Rose for her cousin Martha, insisted on telling her that the children had the mumps, and as Stephen had not returned, they could not come to dinner. Rose said she was sorry and rang off, only to be captured within the next half-minute by a deaf old gentleman who shouted that he had the gout, and couldn't she put Thanksgiving off a day? She gave him the Information Bureau.

And so it went until even her elastic patience was almost exhausted. Just as she had nearly been exasperated into a sharp retort by a woman who kept forgetting what number she wanted and blaming Central for it, the Voice fell on Rose's ear like balm upon a wound; its crisp, cultured accents and appealing tone bringing back her courage in a flood-tide.

"Will you be free to-morrow?" asked the Voice.

"Sure I will," replied Rose. "How are you feeling to-day?"

"Lonely," came the prompt reply. "The more so because I shall be alone to-morrow, unless. . . . . that is . . . . . would you, *would* you be offended if I asked you to come and eat your Thanksgiving dinner with me?"

Although this was the supreme moment for which she had been waiting for months, Rose's heart turned icy cold all of a sudden, and she could scarcely reply.

"Don't you ever go out to dinner?" he asked.

"Never with men," she managed to answer at last. And next instant she could have bitten her tongue out for sheer vexation. Suppose she had made him angry? The excited throbbing in her head made her own voice seem cold and formal.

"I'm sorry," he answered slowly. ("Not angry," she thought, "but hurt.") "I know it's impertinent of me to ask you, and I am glad you are not in the habit of accepting such invitations; but since I am really so harmless, I thought perhaps . . . you see, I'm an invalid."

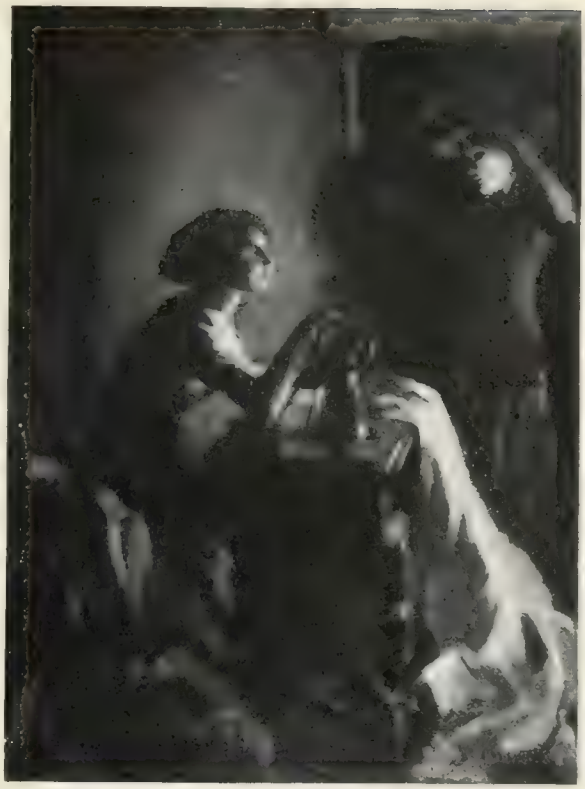
It was the first time he had spoken of his illness, and at the actual mention of it a great lump rose in her throat. To think of that big blond boy lying all alone on Thanksgiving Day!

"I'll come!" she said abruptly. "How'll I get there?"

"Goody!" said the Voice jubilantly. "Be at the corner of First street and Broadway at twelve o'clock to-morrow, and go with the man who says, "Mr. Livingston is waiting for you."

"All right," she assented, wondering a little at the instructions.

That night she worked frantically to finish a new silk blouse which she wished to wear on the morrow, and in a desperate effort to make her hat even more becoming if possible, changed the willow-plume from the left to the right side of the crown, and then, at the last moment, when it was all nicely sewed on, decided that it looked better the original way and changed it back again. Her two friends helped her to the best of their ability with both suggestions and sewing.



ROSE'S FRIENDS HELPED HER WITH SUGGESTIONS AND SEWING

"You be careful," advised Miss Issacs, squinting wisely at the needle she was threading. "It may be some con game. The whole business looks kinder strange to me."

But though this remark touched a tremulous doubting chord in Rose's heart to painful vibration, she stilled it imperiously. Some instinct was driving her on irresistibly, and to back down from her venture now would have been impossible. Come what may, she could not leave him lying so . . . alone . . . on the day of feasting.

Prompt at her appointment, Rose appeared next noon, bringing her friends, (who had accepted the suggestion with eager curiosity) to the rendezvous with her. The winding

canyon of the street, usually teeming with humanity at this hour, stretched its desolate length for miles on either hand. The windows of its towering shops and warerooms gazed blankly upon the occasional clanging cable-car or scurrying group of street urchins, who, with fantastic garb and strident tinhorns, crossed on their way to more profitable districts. The heart of the city was silent, while its life-blood—the throngs of yesterday and of to-morrow—flowed elsewhere.

The three girls were almost the only pedestrians, and a magnificent limousine car, which purred softly as it stood at the corner, was the only vehicle in sight. A man in a tan overcoat advanced toward them rapidly, and Rose's heart beat to suffocation for a moment, and then almost stopped entirely from sheer disappointment, when he passed the little group without making a sign. A lonely policeman strolled by disconsolately. Still no sign of the messenger from the Voice, and the girls stamped about to keep warm. Rose glanced fearfully at a clock which gleamed in the frosty sunlight above the iron shutters of a jeweller's shop. It was a quarter past twelve; would he never send for her? Was it only a trick, after all? Ah no, surely not that, he would never. . . .

Then a strange and wholly unexpected thing occurred. From the front seat of the waiting automobile, which none of them had so much as considered a possibility, a majestic footman swung himself with leisurely dignity and approached the three girls. When he reached them he touched his cap with a humility scarcely to be expected from so splendid a person, and said:

"Beg pardon, but is one of you young ladies Miss O'Connell?"

Rose gasped a little, and Katie stood stupefied with astonishment, both of them unable to answer; but Miss Issacs, recovering first, shoved Rose forward with the remark:—

"This one is!"

But despite this encouragement, Rose could only nod dumbly.

"Then the car is right here, Miss," said the Superb One, "and Mr. Livingston, he's waiting for you, Miss."

Whereupon Rose submitted herself to being led to the limousine, into the shining tonneau of which she vanished and was whirled away, leaving her two friends upon the street corner, where they stood for some time in silence. Miss Issacs was first to speak.

"He must be awful rich," she said.

Katie did not reply at once, and when at last she did, she let out a tremendous sigh by way of preliminary; a heart-heavy sigh, as though the shining automobile had been a thing of evil omen.

"I guess we'd better be going to White's an' get our dinner," was all she said, but it was in deep depression caused, not by jealousy—Heaven forbid!—but by fear, a terrible, too-easily named fear that the Monster which lurks throughout the city in search of maidens, had caught their friend.

The evening came, but no Rose. The night passed, and still she had not returned; and with her continued absence the fear grew and grew, until it overshadowed the two girls like a pall. Silent and disturbed, they performed their little household tasks mechanically and when the hour for going to the exchange arrived, and Rose was still missing, they went to their work with heavy hearts. They gave no voice to their thoughts; there was no need, for each understood only too well.

The seat between Katie and Rebecca was filled by a strange girl that morning, who knew nothing of her predecessor, but only that the vacancy was one long waited for. The day seemed dark indeed. Then at last came a greeting——Rose's own cheery voice—over the jumble and confusion of the city, over the turmoil of the wearying day, like a ray of sunshine or a sweet spring breeze.

"O, Katie!" she babbled, "who, oh! *who* do you think the Voice is? *My grandfather*! My own grandfather, that turned Ma out of the house for marrying Pa; and he's been sorry he did it ever since! Ain't it a scream? He's been keepin' his name a secret all this time, so's to get me to like him before he told who he was, and he's an invalid, and I'm going to live with him,

and take all sorts of care of him. And Katie, what d'you think ? He's awful rich ! Remember the house we thought was Patrick F. Shean's ? Well, it ain't; it's grandfather's ! And I live there, now. There's only me, and him. . . ."

"Wait ! commanded Katie, "*Where* did you say you lived now. . . . . so's I can send your things."

"O *bring* them, Katie—or no, I'll send the automobile for them, and for you and for Rebecca, and . . . . . I'm just around the corner on Fifth Avenue—you know, the big house with the fancy railing around it. You and her must come and see me often; it's awful near !"

But even while she assented gladly, Katie Reilly knew that Rose was really more than a hundred thousand miles away.

Why We Are Not Cliff Dwellers

By Grace Hudson Rowe

Illustrated by Donald McGregor

WHEN Ellery and I first went to housekeeping, I expected to have all the ideas. I was what they call a domestic girl—making bread and mixing cake and embroidering shirtwaists had no terrors for me—and I planned out just what sort of a cunning little flat we'd have, steam-heated, oriental-rugged, with a fire-place and window-boxes and so on. In fact, I'd planned most of it before I ever knew Ellery, being as I said, a domestic girl.

But when I told Ellery about it, I got the surprise of my life.

"Nix, Constance," he said briefly. "No flats in ours."

"Why ?" said I.

"Radiators," said he. "Janitor—furnace—bakes you alive and dries you up ready for the wind to blow you away. Do you know why you put that cold-cream stuff on your face ? Because there isn't moisture enough in the air of the house to keep your skin from cracking and flaking. There isn't in any modern furnace-heated house, or in any flat. They're drier than the Arizona desert. Fact. They make 'nerves' and skin diseases and colds."

"Well," I said, "if you bar furnaces and steam heat, I suppose we'll have to return to open fires and red flannel underwear. Would you like me to knit you some good heavy German-yarn socks ?"

There was an interlude just then, and it isn't necessary to give the rest of the conversation. Ellery was a tactician, and the upshot of it was that instead of the flat I'd planned, we took a low-ceiled, rambling old house that belonged to Ellery's father, and set in the midst of the most delightful old garden you ever saw. It was the garden that finally won me — rhododendrons and snow-balls and lilacs and roses and striped grass and great beds of perennials shooting up green spikes through the rich chocolate-colored earth.

Well, we fitted that house out with weather-strips and laid double floors, repapered and repainted, took out a door here and cut a window there, and made it thoroughly characteristic and

WE TOOK A RAMBLING OLD HOUSE THAT BELONGED TO ELLERY'S FATHER

livable, and we had more fun doing it than a molasses-fingered baby with a feather. And Ellery's chief achievement was the furnace,—a common enough looking furnace, but with a circular water-pan around the fire-pot, inside the jacket of the furnace, which held something like seventy quarts of water, and which gave the heated air which passed into the pipes all the moisture it wanted. Incidentally, I learned a good deal about the necessity of keeping the air moist in living rooms.

What Ellery said about the air of an average house being dryer than that of a desert is absolutely and literally true. The average humidity at Yuma, Arizona, is 42.9 per cent; at Santa Fe, New Mexico, 44.8 per cent; in the Punjab and northwestern India, 31 per cent., and in the deserts of Africa it averages from 27 to 33 per cent. The humidity of the average living room in winter is from fifteen to thirty-six per cent., unless some effective effort has been made to raise the level of humidity. The average out-door humidity in Canada is from sixty to seventy per cent.; therefore the change from indoor to outdoor humidity is very great, and therefore it is very easy to catch colds much easier than it was in the days when our grandmothers heated their houses by fireplaces, and the relative humidity of the living rooms, as well as their temperature, was much nearer that of out doors than it is to-day in our steam-heated flats and furnace-heated homes.

There are numerous other unhealthful effects of a dry atmosphere, as well. Furniture checks and cracks and falls to pieces; pianos lose their tune; house-plants dry and wither up; one's skin becomes dry and flakes off unless cold cream is used every night; throats become irritated and voices harsh and scratchy. The "American voice" is the jest of Europeans, who do not keep their houses hot and dry as we do, because their mild climate does not require our modern heating methods. Even in northern Europe, where the cold is severe, the method of heating is primitive, steam-heat and furnaces being unknown, and the atmosphere is not deprived of all its natural moisture. Physicians say that a dry atmosphere causes "nerves", as well as colds, and makes restless sleepers.

Fifty per cent. of humidity in living rooms is about the ideal amount, and this cannot be secured by merely putting three or four quarts of water in the ordinary water-pan attached to most furnaces. Some people place a pan of water in the registers or on top of the radiators, but these help in only a very small degree. The evaporation of about six quarts of water a day in the house of one of our neighbors caused an increase in humidity of only 2.4 per cent., and there must be a much larger amount of evaporation to make any appreciable difference in the healthfulness of a house whose humidity is less than twenty-five per cent.

Fifty per cent. of relative humidity means that the air contains one-half as much moisture as would be necessary for saturation. In a laundry where washing is being done, the humidity is often as high as ninety per cent., and the excess moisture condenses on the walls and windows. In our house, from twenty to twenty-four quarts of water are evaporated daily in order to keep the humidity of the living rooms up to between thirty-five and fifty per cent. during very cold weather, and in ordinarily cold weather, ranging from

20 to 30 degrees out of doors, we evaporate from twelve to fifteen quarts per day. Many houses, which are not provided with storm windows, cannot be kept at above forty per cent. of humidity, as the moisture would condense upon the window-panes. But where double windows are put on, the air space between the two panes acts as a non-conductor of cold, keeping the inner window warm enough so that the moisture will not condense upon it.

At first Ellery argued that the increase in humidity would decrease the amount of coal needed to keep up proper temperature, as it is common knowledge that one feels the warmth more in a moist atmosphere. But it requires coal to evaporate water; to evaporate twenty quarts of water requires 43,000 thermal units, or approximately three and one-half pounds of anthracite coal. This number of heat units would be sufficient to raise the actual temperature in a dwelling house containing 14,000 cubic feet, two degrees. Thus, it takes as much fuel to keep a house at 68 degrees temperature and forty per cent. humidity as at seventy degrees temperature and thirty per cent. humidity. However, the lower temperature as well as the higher humidity increase the comfort and health of the family, because the change to outside conditions is not quite so great.

Few people realize the strain put upon the body in the rapid readjustment required when a person goes from the high temperatures and desert aridity of the average home out into winter weather that may be anywhere from fifty to a hundred and twenty-five degrees colder, and from seventy to one hundred per cent. of variation in humidity. If for any reason the vitality of the body is lowered, this change made several times a day is greater than the body can bear, and serious consequences result. To the doctor or the scientific man the collapse is logical, but generally people lay it to the frail constitution of the patient, infection in the milk, or the weather man—anywhere rather than on the furnace that is really the guilty party.

Our friends have often remarked upon the pleasant climate of our house, and they do not realize that it is several degrees lower in temperature than their own. They also tell me that Baby Marie's complexion is marvellous, without thinking that the dampness of the air has anything to do with it. In fact, if anybody suggested to them that dampness was anything other than an unmixed evil, they would argue the point. Yet when one thinks of the beautiful complexions of English and Irish women—two of the dampest countries—it is only reasonable that properly moistened air in the home should help to make beautiful skins. I know I never use cold cream any more.

Yes, the moist-air furnace has been a success, and we could not do without it. Our palms and ferns grow luxuriantly, our woodwork and furniture keep in good condition and our piano doesn't have to be tuned half as often as Mrs. Across-the-way's, while our general health and dispositions are in unusually good order.

Only Ellery says that there was a time when he thought he would have to choose between his wife and his furnace.

One lives—and learns.

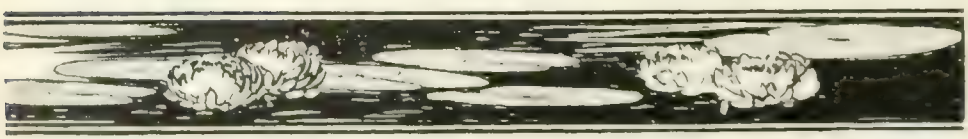
OUR DISPOSITIONS ARE IN UNUSUALLY GOOD ORDER

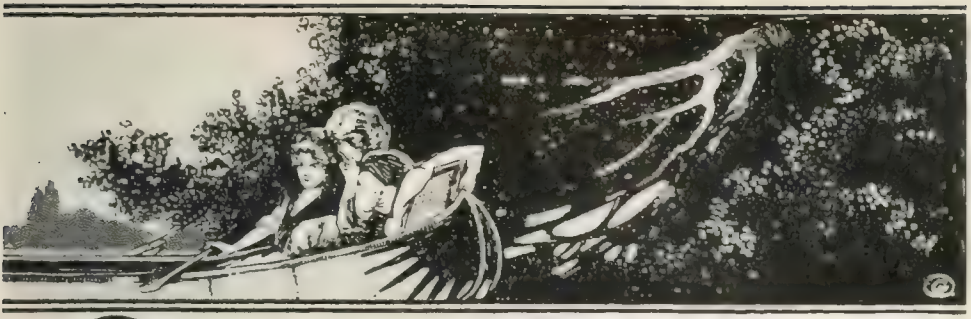
Commencement
Senior

THE lights they shine along the shore—the ripples waver in.
And from the far-away there comes the quavering mandolin:
To-morrow we must choose for us the ways that we shall wend.
For all our goodly Fellowship hath come unto an end!

Now must we part with room-mate Jack
Our more than brother he
Who slapped us blithely on the back
Or cursed us gruesomely;
Who paid our debts, who wore our ties
Who kissed our girls—deceiver!
Who watched all night with unshut eyes
When we lay blind with fever.
So fare you well, dear Jack we knew
In days and nights delectable:
Two decades—Lord!—to think of you,
Fat, Forty and Respectable.

Now must we part with dearest Nell,
The fairest of the fair,
Who lured us by the subtle spell
Of artless eyes and hair.
We billed and cooed and turtle-doved
Till lo—the Truth stole o'er us





Chant

by Horatio Winslow

She was the girl our brothers loved
  Some six good years before us.
So fare you well, whose heart was steel;
  Yet things go so confoundedly,
It well may chance our sons shall kneel
  And pay you court unboundedly.

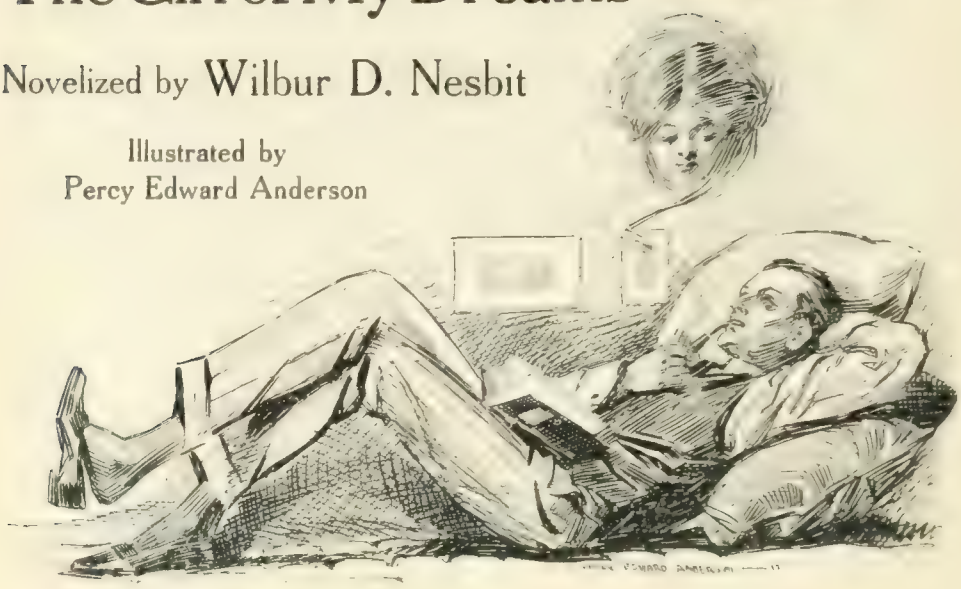
Now must we part with every life
  Of these four years of years:
The campus torn by gallant strife,
  The Street of Many Beers;
With all good fellows everyone
  (God wot there be no better!
With book and pen and task ill done,
  And cap and shoe and sweater.
So fare you well who held us so –
  Dead strings we may not strum again,
For Time may come and Time may go,
  But never you shall come again.

O Laughter, Lights and Light-o'-Loves and Talk of Friend to Friend,
But all our goodly Fellowship—
Yea, all our goodly Fellowship –
Our strangest, strongest Fellowship
  Hath come unto an end.

The Girl of My Dreams

Novelized by Wilbur D. Nesbit

Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson



SYNOPSIS.

Harry Swifton, a gay young bachelor, is in love with Lucy Medders, a Quakeress who nursed him after an auto accident in the country, and is expecting a visit from his future fiancee and her father, when he runs his car into another machine and ruins the hat of a lady. The lady and her companion, a German Count, are naturally indignant, and Harry, hastily thrusting the remains of the hat into a pocket, makes his escape. They trail him home, and demand the hat just as Harry, his sister Carolyn, and Socrates Primer who is a distant relative of Lucy's are preparing to receive Lucy Medders. Socrates has a mysterious big box containing a present for Lucy. The lady of the damaged hat, who proves to be the wife of General Blazes, is very anxious that the General should not know of her escapade, and says that she must have a duplicate of her ruined hat which her milliner tells her has been delivered at this house. Harry protests that he knows nothing about it, and in the midst of the scene Lucy Medders and her father arrive. Harry hastily hides Mrs. Blazes in his bedroom and the Count in the library. Lucy and her father ask to be shown the house, and Harry has to do some fancy lying to keep them from entering the rooms where the Count and the lady are hidden. Just as he thinks he has thrown them off the scent, and drops into a chair with a sigh of "It couldn't be worse," Daphne Daffington, the milliner, comes in to trace the duplicate hat. Daphne and Harry have had a flirtation in the past which Daphne does not intend to drop, and it is only at the price of taking her out to dinner that she will consent to make a third hat and rescue Harry from his predicament. Lucy and Carolyn approach, and he hustles Daphne into the room where the Count is hidden. Unknown to Harry, Daphne and the Count have met before, and they greet each other warmly.

CHAPTER VI.

FOR a time there was silence in the room. Then the door of one room opened and Mrs. Blazes peered anxiously forth.

"I wonder why he is so long getting that hat," she said to herself.

The door across from her began to open, and she hurriedly dashed back and closed her door. The Count and Daphne came from the library.

"Indeed," Daphne said, "he might have told me you were in there. But maybe he meant it as a surprise to me."

She simpered roguishly at him.

"I hope," the Count said, "it vas a surprise. To think dot now ve haff a meetings."

"The pleasure is all yours, sweet noble of teutonic blood," said Daphne, with fine sarcasm.

The Count looked at her with pique, shaking his head mournfully.

"To think!" he sighed. "After all I spend on you, den you leave me

vaiting for you in such disgracefulness on der corner !"

Daphne tried to explain.

"Honest, County," she said, at which pet name he flinched. "Honest, County, I didn't mean to disappoint you, but a traveling gentleman I hadn't seen for a long time came through, and as I hadn't seen him for so long, I went to supper with him. You see, the trouble with you and me was the way we talked. Half the time I couldn't understand you and the other half you couldn't understand me."

The Count looked at her blankly. Her explanation did not explain at all.

"Such a deceitfulness !" he said. "And after I gave you my ring. How dared you keep it ?"

The Count's haughty indignation over her having kept his ring was tinctured with a little twinge of conscience over the fact that, separated from them by only a thin door, was another lady to whom, that very day, he had given a similar ring. The Count had the habit of "wishing on" a ring, as an incident of his various flirtations. And no sooner did he wish it on than he began to wish it back.

"I didn't keep your old ring !" Daphne retorted.

"You didn't ?"

"No. I gave it away to a gentleman friend."

"Vat !" the Count asked, in noble horror. "You gave my beaudiful ring avay. Ach ! To think of it, mit all its family unt historical significance, being on der finger of some common person !"

"Indeed," Daphne snapped. "He isn't any common person, I want you to know. He is the head of a noble family, a respected citizen and a particular admirer of mine."

The Count regarded her with an icy stare as he said crushingly:

"I am afraid den he iss not so particular as he might be."

For a moment the very air was tense between them. The Count glared at Daphne, and Daphne returned his glare with fiery interest. She leaned over until her sharp nose was within three inches of his face, and aid to him in razory accents:

"You can't insult me. I've been insulted by experts !"

The Count jumped as though he had been pricked by a pin. This setting of him down as a nonentity, accompanied by a sharp snap of the finger, was a bit more cavalier treatment than he had ever received. He could think of nothing to say in reply. Daphne, thoroughly angry, continued:

"I want you to understand that General Blazes—"

"You gave my ring to Cheneral Blazes !" the Count gasped.

"Sure," Daphne replied.

"Mein Gott im himmel !"

With one of his rings on the General's finger and the other on the finger of the General's wife, the thought was too much. The Count dropped limply into a chair and wagged his head grimly.

"Both rings in der same family ! Ach, Gott !" he murmured.

Harry hurried into the room, and stopped in astonishment at sight of them.

"Here !" he exclaimed, "you shouldn't have come out here. Get back in the library for a minute and then I'll let you escape."

He smiled easily now, for he believed he had arranged matters so that he could eliminate these people from his home and have some peace the rest of the day.

Daphne and the Count meekly entered the library, and Harry ran to the door of his bedroom and was about to open it when he heard Carolyn calling him:

"Oh, Harry, where are you ?"

Mrs. Blazes, hearing him at her door, opened it and was now coming out, when, to her utter astonishment he shoved her back into the room and pulled the door to.

"I'm coming," he called to Carolyn, and hurried out again.

Simultaneously the door of the library opened, and Daphne emerged.

"The idea !" she ejaculated. "I won't breathe the same air with that German foreigner !"

Then she heard some one approaching the room, and consternation seized her. She looked nervously about for a place of concealment.

"Where can I hide? Where can I hide?" she wailed.

The voices came nearer, and desperately she rushed to the door of the bedroom wherein was Mrs. Blazes. Opening the door, she dashed in.

With mutual exclamations of recognition she and Mrs. Blazes saw each other. And the door was still trembling shut when Lucy and Harry strolled into the den.

Sisters in affliction and adversity, Mrs. Blazes and Daphne were not long in confiding to each other, in bated whispers, the reasons for their presence. Daphne's position was one well calculated to upset her nerves. Outside were two men with whom she had flirted, one of whom wanted a ring he had given her and which she had presented to the husband of the lady with whom she was talking.

On the other hand, Mrs. Blazes was not happily situated. Without a perfect duplicate of her hat she felt that she could not go home. She could not leave the room now, to go home, anyway.

And now, locked in with her, was the only person who could make a duplicate of her hat.

"What are we to do?" she asked.

"Be quiet and listen to what goes on out there," Daphne told her. "Mr. Swifton is just as anxious to get us out as we are to get out. If some one else doesn't drop in and have to be hidden, I think he will work it some way."

"Well, if I get out of here undiscovered," said Mrs. Blazes, raising her hand to wipe away a tear, "I'll never flirt again."

Daphne's sharp eyes saw a familiar ring on her finger.

"What a lovely ring, Mrs. Blazes!" she dissimulated. "Did your husband give it to you?"

"What? Oh, this ring?" Mrs. Blazes answered guiltily, folding her other hand about it carelessly, so as to conceal it. "Oh, no, that's just a ring that belongs to a friend of mine."

Daphne could not understand it, and yet she could not ask any more questions. She contented herself with saying:

"I've heard that sometimes rings brought bad luck."

CHAPTER VII.

When Harry and Lucy strolled into the den, just after Daphne had succeeded in getting into the room with Mrs. Blazes, they were followed by Mr. Medders. Mr. Medders was finding many things to interest him in Harry's home. This was the first time he had ever been where he might saunter from room to room and examine pictures, books and bric-a-brac—many of which were of a kind that were not popular in his own environment.

"Oh, Harry," Lucy said, "this is just the most delightful visit!"

"I'm doing everything I can to make it pleasant for you, and I hope nothing happens to spoil it," Harry said.

Medders, moving about the den, stopped at the door of the library.

"What is in there, my boy?" he asked. "I haven't been in that room yet."

"There?" Harry repeated, nervously. "Oh, that's just a junk room."

"Thee means a bunk room," Lucy corrected him, mischievously

"Yes," Harry said. "It's a junk bunk room."

"Verily," said Mr. Medders, "a junk bunk room must be interesting."

And before Harry could stop him he had opened the door and started in, only to step back and say:

"Why, there is some one in here."

"Is there?" Harry asked, affecting surprise, hastily trying to think how big the headlines would be in the papers the next day.

"Why, who can it be?" Lucy asked.

Harry, feeling that all was lost, still racked his brain for some half-way reasonable explanation of the presence, as he thought, of Daphne as well as the Count, in his library.

"Why, you see," he began, "they—they are—"

"They?" Medders said. "There is only one man in here."

Harry was lost for language and bereft of thought when the Count stalked majestically from the door. No one else could be seen in the library.

Harry looked swiftly through the doorway into every corner of that room, asking himself: "Where the dickens has she gone?"

She was no longer there, that much was certain. And he turned to see the Count bowing stiffly to Mr. Medders and Lucy. The Count held a book in his hand, and as his head rose from one of his deep bows he winked earnestly at Harry—a helpful, friendly wink, which said for him not to worry, that the Count would back him up in any story he told.

"I beg your pardon," Harry rallied. "I had quite forgotten the Count. Miss Medders, Mr. Medders, this is the Count von Fitz."

The Count bowed beautifully, Lucy courtesied, her father shook the Count's hand—and still everything was not explained.

"And is the gentleman thy instructor, perhaps?" Medders asked, noting the book the Count held, and associating it with the fact that the Count had been in the library.

Harry fairly bubbled with joy at this helpful suggestion, all unconsciously given by Medders.

"Yes," he said, "he is my German tutor."

"And art thee a teacher of German?" Lucy asked, artlessly, of the Count. Before he could reply, Harry laughed:

"Yes, he's a German teacher of German German. Ha, ha! Good joke, dear teacher!"

He nudged the Count in the ribs, to that gentleman's discomfiture.

"He iss alvays choking ven he should be learning," the Count gravely informed Lucy.

"Has he learned much?" Lucy wanted to know.

"He has a lot to learn yet," the Count replied, with significance that was not lost on Harry.

"Oh, Harry!" Lucy cried, clapping her hands together delightedly. "Wilt thee speak some German for me? Wilt?"

"Sure, I'll wilt," Harry smiled. "Ich liebe dich."

"Is that good German?" Lucy asked the Count.

"Very fine," the Count assured her. "He iss a quick scholar—he iss—vat you call—rapid—fast."

"What does that mean—what he said?" Lucy asked.

"It iss not for me, hiss tutor, to translate for him. Later, he vill tell you vat it means, I know," the Count replied.

"What was thy last lesson about, Harry," asked Mr. Medders. "Was it some passage from the German masters, or a chapter of history, perchance?"

"What was our last lesson about?" Harry asked the Count.

"It vas reading writing," the Count said.

"Reading and writing, you mean?" Lucy asked.

"No, no. Reading writing. I am writing der reading und den he iss reading der writing."

Harry saw that the Count had some plan in his mind, but what it might be he could not imagine. However, he willingly lent himself to forward it.

"He means that he would write something and then I would try to read it," he said. Mr. Medders nodded gravely; to him it appeared to be a very good plan. Lucy, with great interest, said:

"Oh, write something in German now, then—it must be awfully hard to write in German, isn't it?—and then thee let Harry read it."

So the Count tore the fly leaf from the book in his hand and solemnly wrote thereon the line:

"Find die dame ihr hut?"

He handed the sheet to Harry, who assumed the painfully awkward position of a schoolboy and laboredly read the line, with an atrocious mispronunciation of almost every word. The Count smiled, and took the paper from him, saying:

"You see, he has der Cherman accent, but not yet der Cherman verds. Der line is: 'Find die dame ihr hut?' It iss a question, you see, unt iss to be answered yet."

"Oh, and what does it mean in English?" Lucy asked.

"It means," the Count said, with much significance, and speaking with

"WHAT IS THERE, MY BOY?" MEDDERS ASKED. "OH, THAT'S JUST A JUNK ROOM," HARRY REPLIED NERVOUSLY

"THEE MEANS A BUNK ROOM," LUCY CORRECTED HIM MISCHIEVOUSLY

great deliberation and emphasis, "it means: 'Did the lady find her hat ?' "

"Did the lady find her hat ?" Lucy repeated after him.

"Not yet !" Harry said, absent-mindedly.

"Ah," the Count said, smiling, "Noch nicht."

"Of course ! Of course !" Harry said, as though being corrected in his pronunciation. "Nock nit."

The Count nodded his head with commendation.

"Some day he vill be a great Cherman scholar—some day," he asserted.

Harry beamed with pride—and amusement. Mr. Medders observed to him:

"Verily, thy tutor must be a learned man."

"He reads nothing but the classics," Harry replied. "You'll always find him in the library. He's dying to get back there now, I expect."

"And no doubt that is a classic he hath in his hand even at this moment," Medders said.

"I've no doubt," said Harry, taking the book from the Count's hand and glancing at the title, which was "Three Weeks." "Ah, it is an old treatise on the brevity of time."

He tossed the book into the library, and said:

"Now, I don't want to have to think of any more German to-day. This is to be a real holiday, Count, and I refuse to study any more."

"I think thee art doing a great work," Lucy said to the Count, "to teach Harry German. It is fine that he hath thee for a tutor. How did thee happen to be engaged by him ?"

"Merely by accident," the Count answered.

"Yes," Harry added, "through a mere accident."

CHAPTER VIII.

Harry felt that there was nothing he could do which would sufficiently show his gratitude to the Count. Everything was straightening out nicely. To git rid of the Count would be simple. As his German tutor, what could be more natural than for the Count to put on his hat and walk away ? And then there was the quick manner in which the Count had rallied to his support. Evidently, in spite of his grievance, the Count was a man who would not stand or sit idly by and see a fellow man suffer because of a mistake, or a combination of mistakes.

With a quiet wink to the Count, Harry said to Lucy and her father:

"I want to take you around the grounds a bit, now. Count von Fitz will excuse us, I know."

"Most certainly," the Count replied, grandly. "Und I vill pursue my studies."

But more noise was heard from the hallway, and Harry flinched. He could not imagine what further trouble fate had in store for him, but he had experienced so much in this brief time, and his nerves were on such a wire edge, that he knew any unusual noise meant trouble, and any unusual silence might mean worse.

"What can it be ?" Lucy asked in alarm.

"Let us go and see," Medders said.

They were saved the effort, for Carolyn came running in, her eyes big with alarm, and her face white with fright. She rushed to Harry and clung to him.

"Oh, Harry !" she cried. "That terrible old General !"

"Gott !" the Count exclaimed, turning toward the library. "He hass discovered me !"

"What is it, Carolyn ? What about the General ?" asked Harry.

"There, there my girl," soothed Mr. Medders. "Calm thyself."

"Do tell us what has frightened thee," Lucy begged, taking Carolyn's hand in hers and patting it.

"General Blazes," Carolyn said, straightening herself up and catching her breath. "General Blazes is coming, and he swears he will do desperate things, Harry. Oh, I am so afraid."

The deep voice of the General boomed from the hall.

"Where is she ?" he shouted. "Where is she ? I want my wife, I tell you !"

He stormed into the den and confronted them. He stalked up to Harry, brandishing his cane.

"Where is my wife ?" he clamored. "You scoundrel ! Where is my wife?"

Harry waited until the General had run out of breath; this procedure also allowing him to collect his wits. Then he asked:

"Why, General, what in the world is wrong ?"

"Everything's wrong ! You're a scam doundrel; I'm a fam dool ! My wife is a ficked wirt—I mean a wicked flirt !"

"It's coming in bunches," Harry thought to himself. He determined that, even though the General had reason to believe his wife was in the house, he would affect to misunderstand him and thus disarm him.

"Why, General," he said, "you're excited."

"You bet I'm excited !" the General yelled, shaking his cane in the air, while Lucy and Carolyn shuddered and held each other tight, behind Mr. Medders, and the Count stood ready to jump into the library if the fury of the General should be directed at him.

"You bet I'm excited. I'm as loozy as a crane—I mean crazy as a loon. I want my wife, I tell you. Where is she ?"

"Well, General," Harry replied stiffly, "I'm not running a guessing contest, you know."

"None of you nam donsense ! You know where my wife is."

Mr. Medders stepped forward with his hand raised to calm the General, and, speaking to Harry, asked:

"Knowest thou aught of his wife, Harry ?"

"I don't know what can be the matter with him," Harry evaded.

The Count sidled toward the door into the hall, saying meekly:

"I think I am going, now."

The General stopped him with a flourish of his cane, and shouted:

"You stay right here ! You may know something of this."

Lucy now found a chance to ask: "What is it the man sayeth of thee, Harry ?"

Before Harry could reply to her the General demanded:

"Has my wife been here to-day ?"

"I can answer for him," Lucy replied, gently. "No strange woman has been here."

The General looked puzzled. He took off his hat, tucked his cane under his arm, and mopped his brow.

"That's remarkable," he said. "My wife telephoned from this house not half an hour ago. They told me so at the millinery store down the street. I stopped there to inquire for her."

"They must have been mistaken," Harry said. "It is just possible that they had the number mixed. I don't believe they even know who we are here. We don't deal with them."

"Well, Harry," the General said, slowly, looking from one to the other of the faces before him, and realizing that he had been in error. "I'm sorry I made such an ass of myself. You don't know what it is to be worried about a wife—yet. You'll pardon me, won't you ?"

"Why, certainly, General," Harry said, grasping his outstretched hand. "Let bygones be bygones and all that. I know how you feel. I've been worried once or twice myself—but not about a wife."

"Well, my boy, your time will come," sagely promised the General. "I trust the ladies will pardon me, and you gentlemen, also."

Lucy and Carolyn, Mr. Medders and the Count cheerfully forgave him and he started out, when—Oh, luckless fate !—from the room where Daphne and Mrs. Blazes waited, came a sneeze. It was not a stifled sneeze, it was not a weak, apologetic sneeze—it was a big, whole-souled sneeze—sneeze that told by its very sound that it had been held back as long as possible and was glad to be given its liberty ! The General flamed into wrath, and whirled on his heel to confront Harry.

"Ha !" he exclaimed. "My wife's own sneeze ! I'd know it among a million. I'd recognize her sneeze in the midst of a battle. It's no use to bamboozle me. My wife is in there !"

He leveled his cane at the door as though about to fire a volley through the panels. Harry clutched a chair back to steady himself.

Mr. Medders came over to Harry slowly, waving a hand at the General to inform him that he would take charge of the case from now on.

"Harry," he said, seriously. "What does this mean ?"

"I don't know," Harry replied. "I'm guessing, just as much as anybody else."

"Thee would not let me look in there !" Lucy said, accusingly.

"Oh, Harry !" Carolyn wept.

The Count chewed his mustache and trembled.

The General's eyes were now blazing. He awaited the denouement.

Harry looked at them all. Save Carolyn he could find no sympathy. Suddenly he reflected that, after all, he was blameless. He would open the door, allow Mrs. Blazes to come out, and throw himself on Lucy's mercy. He stepped to the door, yanked it open, and—

With a complacent smile out stepped Daphne Daffington.

"That is not my wife !" shouted the General.

"It seems impossible to escape you, my dear General," Daphne said sweetly. She swept out with as much grandeur as she could muster—and Daphne could muster a plenty.

Disgusted with himself, the General whirled about and stamped away.

"I told him his wife wasn't here," Harry said, turning to Lucy. But she was weeping in her father's arms, while Carolyn was huddled on a couch crying. The Count stepped up to Harry.

"I get you out of dis yet !" he said.

CHAPTER IX.

THE group stood in a dead silence, broken only by the stifled sobs of Lucy and Carolyn, while the heavy tramp of General Blazes died away in his slamming of the outer door.

Harry shook his head doubtfully, as the Count continued to assure him in dumb show that he could clear things up for him.

"Come, daughter," Mr. Medders said, "thee must quiet thyself. Then we will go home."

"Aren't you going to give me a chance to explain ?" Harry asked.

"Explain !" Carolyn blazed forth, looking up at them with her eyes red and her cheeks stained with tears. "Explain ! How can you explain ? Oh, dear ! I never should have gone away to school. I should have stayed at home and done my duty by my brother."

"Nonsense, Carolyn," Harry reproved her. "You simply make things look worse for me by such talk as that."

"How could they be any worse for you !" Carolyn demanded. "Oh, men are wretches ! I suppose they are all alike. I thought I could trust my own brother. I—I—even doubt—Pigeon, now !"

The Count smiled grimly at Harry and shrugged his shoulders. Harry looked at him in mute appeal, as though asking him to come to the front now with his plan of squaring things. But the Count was a man of experience. For all his flippancy and gaiety, he was man of experience enough to know that when you are going to defend anything or any position which is being attacked you are better off if you wait until the attacking party has exhausted its ammunition and arguments.

So he bided his time, while Carolyn gradually relieved her mind by means of tears and recriminations, and while Lucy, who was completely mystified, but who felt that something was tremendously wrong, slowly arrived at a state of calm on the haven of her father's shoulder.

Shrewd old Amos Medders, being by birth and training a patient man, said nothing beyond a few soothing words to Lucy. He had concluded to end their visit and take her home, yet he was a fair man and he would give Harry a chance to come from under the cloud, if he could.

"Well, Carolyn," Harry said at last, "if you have finished all you have to say, we will get at the real truth of the matter. Count von Fitz, I think, can tell us something that will at least interest us."

The Count straightened his shoulders and took a deep breath. He twisted his mustache thoughtfully, and then flecked an imaginary piece of dust from his lapel.

"If you vill all sit down," he observed, "I can talk bedder. Dare iss

no occasion for weepings, nor for attacking Mr. Swifton. Iff anybody shall be attacked, it is me, for vat has happened, and vat may yet happen, iss my fault."

Carolyn resumed her seat, Lucy, with a wondering expression, took a chair, and Mr. Medders, nodding gravely, also sat down. Harry lounged on a settee, and carelessly chewed an unlit cigar.

"It iss like diss," the Count said, as though addressing a jury. "In life dare iss many things vich seem impossible of explanation, but vich ven ve know vat dey are, do not mean so much."

Mr. Medders bowed assent and Harry looked at the Count with considerable admiration for his self-possession and his control of the situation.

"You haff seen somding," the Count continued, "vich excites natural suspicion und distrust. Ve haff all seen dis. Und, as usual, ven suspicion is aroused, id iss like a swarm of bees—it lighds varever id pleases. Und also somebody geds stung."

He chuckled to himself, but his chuckle did not raise an echo.

"Id vould be easy for me," he said, "to allow you to continue mit der imbressions you haff receifed. But I cannot allow it. Efen at der expense of a wrong imbression of myselluf, I must giff you my explanation—vich you can belief or not belief, as you like. Mr. Swifton iss a man dot you know—a man you vill alvays know throughoud hiss life. Me—I am a strancher. I haff been teaching Mr. Swifton some Cherman—but I resign now as his tutor."

"No, no! I won't have that!" Harry bluffed.

"Unless you accept my resignation, I cannot say vat I vish to say," the Count decided.

Accepting Harry's silence as a confirmation of the alleged resignation, he went, checking off his points as he made them, upon his fingers.

"First, vat do we haff? Ve haff Cheneral Blazes coming here in a great rage, saying his wife is here. He iss assured dot she iss not, und he goes avay."

"Verily, I told him she had not been here. I saw not her nor any other woman—not even that one who—"

Lucy's father patted her hand and ceased speaking. The Count bowed to her and went on:

"Later, Cheneral Blazes returns. He iss sure hiss vife iss here. He has heard from der milliner store dot she iss supposed to haff called up from here on der telumphones. Der rest you all know—or think you know. He demands his vife. He iss again convinced she iss not here, und as he starts oud, he hears a sneeze. Such a sneeze is von dot iss echoed in hiss heart. He beliefs it iss hiss own vife's sneeze. Der door iss opened, und instead off hiss vife, oud comes der milliner! Amazement!"

With a sense of the dramatic unities, the Count paused. The others nodded mutely in confirmation of his summing up of the evidence.

"Vell, den," he resumed. "Vat iss der natural deductions you draw. Darefore, und consequently, our first conclusion iss dot things look plack for Mr. Swifton. Iss it not so?"

They agreed, silently.

"But vy should it be so?" the Count asked, pleasantly. "Iss Mr. Swifton der only man in der house? Iss he der only man in der vorld dot flirts? May I ask vy I, a poor, unknown, unnoticed Cherman—though id iss not so in my own country, I assure you!—iss dare any reason vy I should be—neglected in your suspicions?"

Lucy and Carolyn looked at each other triumphantly. Here was a ray of hope for Harry, after all.

"But," the Count went on, "I must beg you not to suspect me as you do Mr. Swifton. I know you vill not, for peebles do not giff such violent suspicion to stranchers as dey do to their own kind. I vill tell you how dis voman happens to be in dot room. I sent her dare!"

"You did!" Carolyn exclaimed. "Why, I thought Harry—"

"Of course, Miss Swifton," the Count interrupted her. "Ve vould always giff der benefit off der doubt to any von but our own folks. Is it not so? Now, vy did I sent her dare? She comes

here to see about a hat she hass sent to a wrong address. I recognize in her a lady mit whom I haff flirted. You see, I do not hesitate to acknowledge dot I haff flirted. Vy should I! I am in diss country for dot purpose. Ladies flirt mit me—a gallant chentleman vill at least be polite enough to respond. Beauty vas effer a veakness mit me. So! I meet dis lady here—dis milliner. I engage her in conversations. Ve hear some von coming. She cannot get oud. I tell her to hide in dot room a moment. She hides. But dare is no chance for her to get oud. Und at last, ven it seems dot dare vill be a chance, der explosion comes—und you know der rest."

The Count removed his eyeglass and swung it nonchalantly by its cord. He awaited the verdict. He did not look at Harry at all. Smilingly, he studied the wall.

"Dost thee realize that thee has endangered the name of this woman?" Medders asked, in quiet tones.

"Not so," the Count defended himself. "I vas protecting it. Der Chenerał, und all der rest off you, by making her come out—you put her in danger."

"Well," Harry said, after seeming to think the matter over very seriously, "I confess that I am surprised by what you have told us. But I think we should make allowances for you. You are unfamiliar with our view of things and of conduct. What seems right to you may seem utterly wrong to us. I am not defending you, but I am not condemning you. I only ask you, next time you chat with a milliner, not to hide her around here."

This concluding remark of his, accompanied with a sunny smile, broke the tension, but Carolyn almost spoiled everything by saying:

"It sounds reasonable enough, but how does it happen that Harry was so determined no one should go into that room?"

"I haff no answer," the Count replied. "I haff told as much as I should tell."

"It looks to me as if he knew what you had done, and was trying to help you out," Carolyn declared.

"It ill beseems me to offer advice in the house where I am a guest," said Mr. Medders, "but I might suggest to thee that we ask Harry to tell us his side of this story later. It is unfortunate, truly, but I do not doubt that he will explain all to us. Daughter, we will remain here, as we planned, and now let us try to forget this unpleasantness, and make ourselves welcome."

"Thank you, Mr. Medders," Harry said. "I can see that you and Lucy still have a faint suspicion of me—but I can clear that up readily enough."

"I've got more than a faint one," Carolyn told him.

"Oh, well, I don't have to explain everything to you, sis," Harry said, easily. "But arguments are bad on an empty stomach. I happen to know that there's to be a pretty good dinner to-night, so we'll all get ready and eat it."

"You vill excuse me," the Count said. "I must—"

"No, sir!" Harry said, heartily. "I want you to show the folks that you're not half as black as you have painted yourself."

CHAPTER X.

It was a quiet dinner they ate that evening. After much persuasion, the Count had remained. But even his stumbling attempts at witty sallies brought few smiles.

Harry had succeeded in quieting Carolyn's alarms, and she in turn had given her own version of matters to Lucy. And a long talk Harry had with Mr. Medders had helped. Harry would not tell Medders the inside facts, but he told him that later he would make everything plain. At this time, he said, to disclose everything would be to tarnish a woman's name—and Medders partly understood. The good old man was fond of Harry. And he had lived long enough to know that appearances were often deceitful. He was willing to give Harry the benefit of the doubt.

But it was a quiet dinner. After they had left the table Harry succeeded in getting Lucy to come and talk with him in the reception room, and there he begged her to be patient until he felt that the time had arrived for him

CAROLYN RUSHED TO HARRY AND CLUNG TO HIM, WHITE WITH FRIGHT

to make a clean breast of everything to her. At last, he coaxed back the smiles to her face, but only after giving his word of honor that so far as he was concerned, the presence of Daphne in his house was not a reflection upon him.

Meanwhile the Count, endeavoring to keep his promise to get Harry out of the scrape, slipped out into the lawn, and by throwing pebbles against the window of the room where Mrs. Blazes was attracted her attention.

She opened the windows, and in an almost hysterical voice, begged him to get her out.

"I vill, iff you only be quiet," the Count said. "Your husband chust vent in. I saw him ven I come out."

"But what can I do ?" she asked.

"Trust me !"

"I did," she sighed, "and lost my hat."

"Yess, und I let you haff my ring, too,"

"Bother your old ring !" she an-

swered. "I'll give it back to you. I hate the sight of it!"

"Giff it to me, den," the Count whispered, eagerly.

"I will," she hesitated, "when I get out of here."

The Count swiftly disappeared from view as the front door opened and Harry and the General came down the steps. The General's arm was across Harry's shoulders.

"My boy," he was saying, "I couldn't help coming back to assure you that I am deeply sorry."

"Say no more about it, General," Harry begged.

"But, Harry," the General asked, confidentially, "how did that little flirt happen to be in that room?"

"Well," Harry explained, "that was a little affair concerning her and Count von Fitz. I don't feel at liberty to go into details—but it's just a flirtation, you might say."

"She's a charmer, all right enough, Harry, my boy!" the General said. "Ah! If my wife only knew—if she ever found out how I have flirted with some of these dashing damsels!"

Mrs. Blazes, from the safety of her window, listened intently.

"What?" Harry asked. "You flirt, General?"

"I'm deep, Harry, devilish deep! I say nothing, but I saw a lot of wood. Don't worry about any little flirtations of your own. Come to me for advice if you need it. Everybody must sow his wild oats, you know."

"Yes," Harry agreed, "but the wild oats you sow the night before don't make good breakfast food the morning after."

"Well, anyway," the General said, "we understand each other. No more hard feelings?"

"Not a bit. Not a bit," Harry reassured him. The General waved his hand cordially as he strode down to the street. Mrs. Blazes watched him disappear in the dusk, nodding her head significantly.

"Wild oats, eh?" she said. "Flirtations, eh? Wait until I get home!"

She leaned out of the window and called to Harry. He glanced up at her and smiled wearily.

"How in the world am I to get out of here?" she asked, petulantly.

"I think I'll have that run as a puzzle in the Sunday papers," Harry answered, grimly. "I'll say this, though: When you do get out you needn't be punctilious about making your party call."

"This is no time for joking—"

"It's the only time I've got. You've put me in a pretty mess."

"I'm just as sorry as I can be, Mr. Swifton. But look at the muddle I am in."

"Oh, I've seen worse muddles than this," Harry answered, easily.

"And I'm simply starving to death," she said, hungrily.

"I'm going to slip some sandwiches in there for you, if the blockade doesn't lift pretty soon. Meantime, keep away from that window as much as possible. Some one may happen to see you—and I'm out of explanations."

To be continued.

TO MY WIFE

BY JOHN IRVING PEARCE, JR.

THERE is no dream that I could dream
That's half so sweet as dreams of you;
There is no thought that I can think
That can compare with thoughts of you;
I have no hope that I can hope
That's half so dear as hopes of you;
There is no life that's half the life
My life has been for love of you.

Financing Big Colonization

By George H. Cushing

Illustrated from Photographs

THIS is the story of a $10,000,000 land deal which has been recently consummated in Canada.

Back of this story is another story, the story of the man who carried out the deal. Eighteen years ago, this man, then a poor boy, landed in Newcastle-on-Tyne with fifty dollars in his pocket. Born in Schleswig, he went to England, where he learned the ways of finance, and later applied them to the colonization movement in Canada. As a result, he is to-day bringing profit to English bankers, and, by his orderly methods, giving courage to timid capital; he is giving farm renters everywhere a chance to become farm owners, and he has started a coast-to-coast movement in this country which will focus rural community life in cities located according to scientific notions. It is one of the biggest undertakings in a land where big things are the order of the day.

When I see a lawyer, who is the son of a judge, turning, at middle age, to manufacturing or promotion, I hoist a red flag and run to shelter from the inevitable smash. The thing, to me, is incongruous. When, however, I see a farmer, with a post graduate course in finance, undertaking the financial organization of colonization plans, the thing seems to me as natural as the day. Because he is one of the latter kind, I became interested in John F. Hansen.

The men who eventually gossiped about him started off by telling me about how valuable is the land in western Canada; that did not grip me because the facts have been known for about two hundred years, even though they are just being appreciated. They then shifted to the big things that are being done in Saskatchewan and Alberta; I didn't rise to that either for every western Canadian I meet is doing something just a little bigger than the man I met last week. When they started to talk irrigation I told them that they might save that for someone

JOHN F. HANSEN

else. Then, when the big stock topics were out of the way, they got down to plain human gossip about men. That was more human, hence more interesting. When they brought up this fellow Hansen they caught me in an

instant. Here is his life history in fifty words:

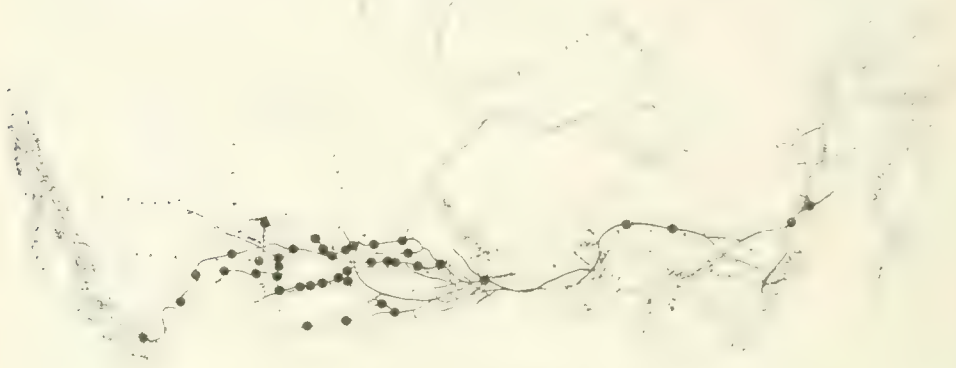
He was born near Schleswig on the Peninsula of Jutland, in a rural community; he went to England, to make a living, and learned the ways of finance; he went back to the farm in Saskatchewan; and he is using his financial information to finance the movement of colonists to Canada.

That sketch pulled harder than fifty irrigation projects; I simply had to see the man and talk with him. When they said that he had pulled off a ten million dollar land deal—the biggest of its kind ever known—I conceived a certain notion of him. There is a story to this effect. When Richard Harding Davis who writes Van Bibber stories from New York, first met Finley Peter Dunne, who writes Mr. Dooley from Chicago, Mr. Davis said:

"Do you know I expected to see in you a big rough Irishman wearing a red flannel undershirt."

"And do you know," replied Mr. Dunne, "that I expected to find you a nice little fellow dressed like Little Lord Fauntleroy."

To be candid about it, I expected to find Mr. Hansen an anglicized Dane who had grown portly on his roast beef; who had assumed the sidewhiskers which had turned white; and who wore spats and a monocle. When I did see him, he had the sunburned hair of the prairies, the thin face of the worker, the quiet manner of his countrymen and a sort of homely honesty of speech which runs much more to the philosophy of things than to the modern "punch" talk which is supposed to compel a man to buy a thing whether he wants it, needs it, or can use it if he gets it. With him I went over the story of the new deal from the beginning. His modesty was positively captivating.



COAST TO COAST COLONIZATION

A map of Canada—The dark spots indicate the places where big interests have been acquired by Hansen's colonization companies

"I was born in Sorup near Schleswig on the Peninsula of Jutland and left there at eighteen."

What happened in those eighteen years and why he left, your imagination is supposed to picture for you. My imagination says that no man leaves home just for the fun of the thing, so Jutland arises in my mind as a poor prospect for a boy with ambition and so Hansen went to England—maybe to become a clerk.

"I landed at Newcastle-on-Tyne and some years later went to London and gradually became interested with some

INDUSTRIAL STATION AT CORONT

A PROSPEROUS PRAIRIE TOWN—MELFORT, SASKATCHEWAN

1. As it was in 1903 when the survey of the town site was made.
2. The town as it appeared in 1906.
3. As it is to-day—the principal town in the Carrot River Valley, where one of Hansen's companies owns some 75,000 acres

financial houses. You know money is a timid thing."

"The most timid in the world," I put in.

"Money will not be invested except where it is on familiar ground. In London there are some financial houses which deal exclusively in South African lands and enterprises; others which deal exclusively in American railroads and industrials; and about twenty all told which deal in Canadian securities and lands. I became ultimately associated with some of those houses which had something to do with Canadian lands or came to have something to do with them."

HARBOR AT VANCOUVER, B. C.

The imagination does not have much trouble in completing that picture, England, being old, is long past the internal development stage and, being experienced, has long ago reduced every activity to intensified specialization. English ideas are not concentrated upon "making a million" but upon a safe and conservative investment to assure a moderate return. I could see the whole picture of it in that terse statement of his about his experience up to six years ago. He was in the specialized grind, learning the specialized routine, and being imbued with the specialized viewpoint. He was getting the technique of English finance—in one branch. And, this branch headed toward Canada.

"Being born in the country and associated with farming, I became interested in western Canada land and in the land, particularly, of Saskatchewan. What I learned about land before I was twelve is more than I have

learned since I was thirty—and more valuable. I knew the value of that land when I saw it first. I colonized quite a lot of it with men from England, Scotland and Holland—men who really knew good land when they saw it."

He stopped with that statement and I had to prod him to get him a foot further. Even then my imagination had to complete that part of the picture. This movement was almost a trick. I would say it depicted a Scotch trait, so shrewd is it. Hansen does not say so but I deduce that while he was carrying it out he was planning for the future. Being trained in finance he knows that one success with money begets ten chances to make ten other successes with the same instrumentality. He was not going to jeopardize the future by inviting into his colony men who neither knew land nor how to use it. By colonizing his strip with skilled men he made them prosperous and at the same time laid the foundation for his own personal success. That, I should say, was adding to the natural ability of the born farmer the skill in finance acquired in the highly specialized houses of the financial district of London.

"Then a big transcontinental railway came along and started to building its railroad," he added. "It had a land grant which it was selling and colonizing. I was colonizing some of that land myself. It mapped out the places where towns would naturally fit in and was laying off townsites. It urged me to add a townsite department to my farm-land business. I'm a farm land man, naturally, but this thing appealed to me and I went in. Then I went back to England and interested some of those financial men who specialize on that sort of Canadian investment. During the last three years we bought about $10,000,000 worth of land, all told, and that is the complete story of it."

When he had said that, he settled back into his chair as though the last word had been said. There you had it; he was a poor boy raised in the country, was now the head of a ten million dollar corporation; and, in the interim had had a little practical experience in finances in London. It seemed such a naturally simple thing, you wondered why it couldn't be duplicated as easily as a photographer could strike off a second print from a negative. Perhaps that could be done if it were possible to set up the conditions just that way again but it will be a long time before that is done.

Permit me to sketch roughly

HARVESTING IN THE RADVILLE DISTRICT AND A GROUP OF LAND-SEEKERS SHOWING THE TYPE OF MEN WHO ARE MAKING HOMES IN OUR NEW WEST. THEY ARE ANGLO-SAXONS WITH WILL AND GRIT TO SUCCEED IN THEIR VENTURE

A PROSPEROUS HOME IN SASKATCHEWAN

the big thing of which the organization built up by Hansen has now become an important part:

In forty-three years the work of populating a territory greater than that of the United States has been undertaken. This has meant carrying in the farmers, building the railways and all that sort of thing. The more the population grew, the greater became the need for railroads. There was first the Canadian Pacific; then the Canadian Northern, and later the Grand Trunk Pacific.

To-day the railways, telegraphs, telephones and wireless telegraphy are all joined in the task of colonizing the last great West. No longer does the pioneer blaze the way for steam and electricity; the railway opens the country, and electricity lights it in anticipation of his coming. Capital as well as the individual has learned the cry of "back to the land", and capital, ever seeking new and profitable investment, has wisely taken up the work of colonization of new territory; and in the year of grace 1912 the intending emigrant arrives in a tourist or sleeping car and is taken forth in an automobile to decide on the location of his future home. Millions of money, and the best gray brain matter are combining to see that the choicest class of immigrant is secured for Western Canada. From the Atlantic to the Pacific capital has its forces at work wherever there is a chance for a town to grow or a community to prosper. There are no in-the-state railways in Canada, with their tiresome restrictions; but three great trunk lines, which will all eventually reach from coast to coast, and each road not only has branches in many of the nine provinces, but each road also has plans on a gigantic scale for future development.

Naturally, the farms came first. Quite as naturally, when the farms had been laid out and had settlers upon them, there was need for towns in which these people might bring their community-life to a focus and where might take place the exchange between the persons who produce different sorts of necessities. Also most naturally, the railways, which were populating the farm lands, wanted to make sure of

WHERE THE MOUNTAIN CAUSES TROUBLE

the towns, thus making more easy the collection of the farm products as well as making more simple the distribution of manufactured articles needed on the farms.

It was into the center of this big industrial and economical shifting and rearranging of scenery that Mr. Hansen dropped six years ago. At that time, the colonization movement was at its height. The development of the towns came later.

As we all know, the Canadian Northern when completed as a transcontinental line, will stretch from Montreal on the east to Port Mann, the freight terminus, on the west. In between are Toronto and something like sixty other cities and towns which present peculiar situations, these from the view point of the railway. To show precisely what I mean I will start back at Montreal.

The specialist on topography says that Montreal lies somewhat crowded between the river and the mountain. That is, Montreal has outgrown the space it originally was expected to occupy. However, beyond the mountain is a great plain available for occupancy but shut off, at present, from the city by a long ride around the base of Mount Royal. The railway, which wanted to obtain access to the business portion and harbor facilities of Montreal, could get in in no other way, so it decided to do the same as George Gould did when he wanted to enter Pittsburg—he tunneled the hills. By driving a double tracked tunnel through Mount Royal—the same to carry electric engines to pull trains—the railway would not only effect its own entrance to the city but bring the plains beyond Mount Royal within six minutes of Montreal proper. This tunnel is now actually under construction and will make the big open spaces behind Mount Royal a suburb of the city.

It has been said that Montreal is the the furthest inland seaport in the world. It is something much more than that. It is not only a port, but it is an ideal port, because it is the farthest point inland where ocean and inland traffic may be interchanged with speed and safety, and where railways and inland waterways may make

FARM NEAR DAUPHIN, MANITOBA

speedy and convenient connection; where also there is ample space for terminal facilities and all the adjuncts of shipping. Montreal has a channel approach of a depth of thirty feet at lowest water, and four hundred and fifty feet wide at the narrowest point, equipped with all that is latest and best in channel markings, lights and signals. It is the eastern terminus of the St. Lawrence canal system, which gives fourteen feet of navigable water from Montreal to Port Coburn, and twenty feet from Port Coburn to Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William and Duluth, a total distance of one thousand four hundred miles. In addition, the port of Montreal has the most remarkable export grain-handling plant in the world, it being possible for sixteen ocean-going vessels to be simultaneously loaded with wheat at their original berths, a feat which, ten years ago, would have been considered impossible. The tunnelling of the mountain, and the giving the railway access to this port means an additional outlet for the grain which is raised all along its line, from the eastern boundary of Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains. For while this grain already had an outlet at Port Arthur, that is only available for a portion of the year, while the all-rail route through the mountain to the port of Montreal means that all winter long western grain may reach the great storage elevators, ready for outward movement in the spring.

Something of the same situation—not from a topographical standpoint of course—is presented at Toronto. The railway could not get quite into the part of Toronto that it wanted, so it decided to draw the city out to it. As a consequence it is opening inducements to people to move to Leeside, one of the most beautiful spots in Ontario.

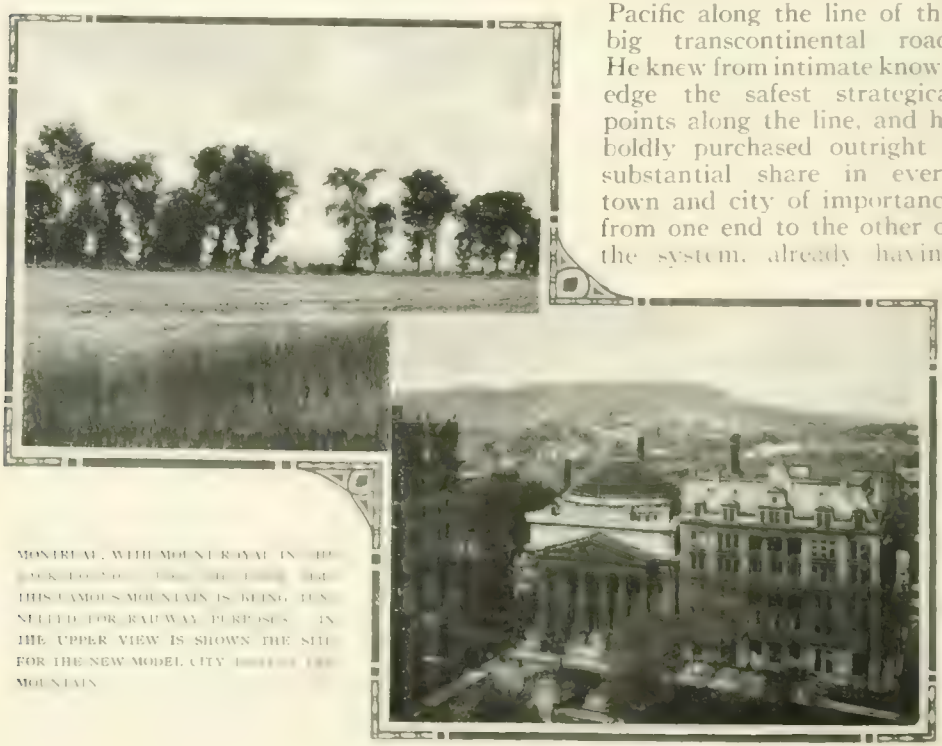
Further west, the railway difficulties are more simple. Along the line of that comparatively new road are miles on miles of land that is now being populated. In travelling over the West, the Carrot River section, lying on the north-eastern boundary of the Province of Saskatchewan particularly attracted

Mr. Hansen, and it was here that much territory was secured for the corporation under which the farm lands of the English capitalists are to be administered. It has a soil that would seem to be almost inexhaustible. The country is no doubt a lake bottom, for the beaches are still to be traced. In many places it is possible to dig two, three, four, even five feet without going past the rich black soil which produces such enormous crops of wheat. It is a well watered country, and the wild peavine and the vetch grow in marvellous luxuriance. Farmers from all of the wornout land of the world are going there and to other parts of the rich prairie provinces to get the benefit of the soil. In fact, they are concentrating on farming to the point of forgetting about the cities which they took on faith as sure to arise when the need for them arose. The railway's problem was to get those cities started. The railway knew there would be almost immediate need for blacksmiths, for stores, for grain elevators and for what not. It saw a chance that, in a short time, there would be a need for factories, which always spring up where the farms are rich and productive.

The railway, which conceived its line in terms of trans-continental distances, conceived its townsite proposition in the same big and broad terms. It wanted a movement started which would assure the orderly building and the population of those towns, just as the land was being populated in an orderly and systematic fashion. I get the next hint of what was done in this statement from the quiet Dane, Hansen:

"The railway people came to me and said that they wanted the towns built by those who had met with some success in populating the farm land. I had done something in the way of colonizing their land; they interested me in undertaking some part in forwarding their townsite movement."

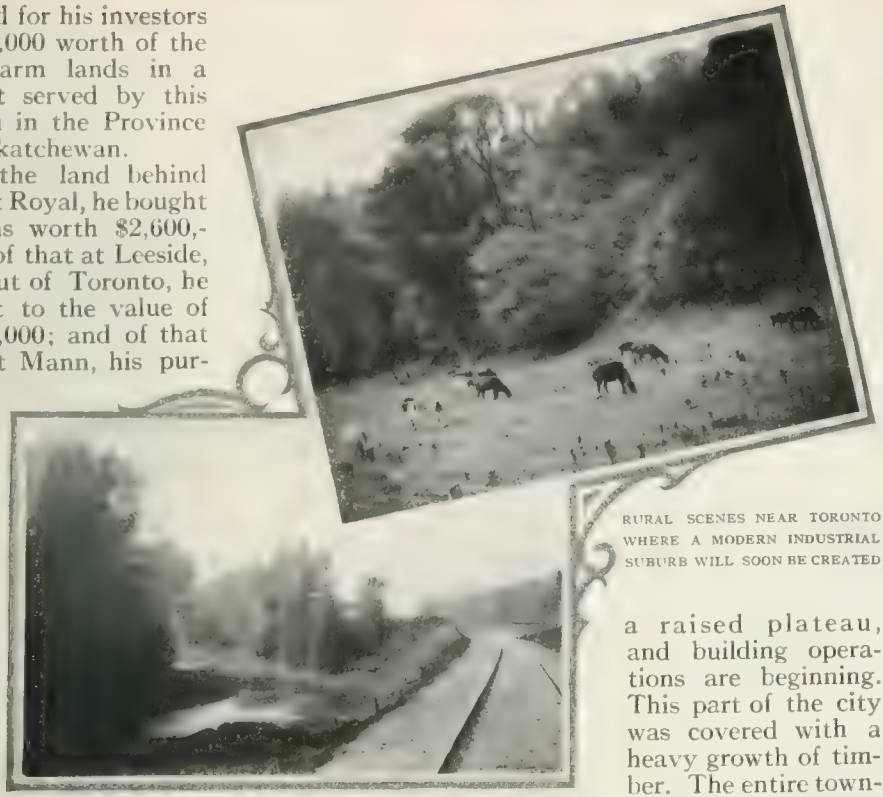
As customary, he gave me a picture in impressionistic sketches. He drew the outline; I had to fill in the detail. The details are that Mr. Hansen has formed a couple of companies. He saw a large number of towns and cities grow up between the Atlantic and Pacific along the line of this big transcontinental road. He knew from intimate knowledge the safest strategical points along the line, and he boldly purchased outright a substantial share in every town and city of importance from one end to the other of the system, already having



MONTREAL, WITH MOUNT ROYAL IN [illegible]
THIS FAMOUS MOUNTAIN IS BEING [illegible]
SETTLED FOR RAILWAY PURPOSES. IN
THE UPPER VIEW IS SHOWN THE SITE
FOR THE NEW MODEL CITY [illegible]
MOUNTAIN

secured for his investors $4,000,000 worth of the best farm lands in a district served by this system in the Province of Saskatchewan.

Of the land behind Mount Royal, he bought sections worth $2,600,000; of that at Leeside, just out of Toronto, he bought to the value of $1,300,000; and of that at Port Mann, his purchase amounted to $1,300,000. Port Mann, the freight terminal of the railway, is situated on the south bank of the Fraser River, directly opposite Vancouver, and will handle all the western traffic of a transcontinental line. Before a plowshare broke a single furrow, before an axe was laid to a root of a tree, Port Mann was carefully planned out by a landscape architect and city-builder, fitted with wharves, docks, terminals, yards, boulevards, city lighting and paving, parks, residential sections, business centre, and all the complicated machinery of a great port city. The townsite covers 1,250 acres, its water-front is two miles in length. Sites have been reserved along this frontage for elevators, wharves, docks, coal bunkers and manufacturing industries. Arrangements are being made for the development of water-power to supply electrical energy.



RURAL SCENES NEAR TORONTO WHERE A MODERN INDUSTRIAL SUBURB WILL SOON BE CREATED

The residential and commercial portion of the city is located on a raised plateau, and building operations are beginning. This part of the city was covered with a heavy growth of timber. The entire townsite has been cleared, with the exception of such trees as are left for shade and picturesque effect.

There is a depth of forty feet of water at the wharves, thus permitting the largest sea-going vessels to load and discharge at the wharves direct, and through Port Mann will pass all the east and west-bound freight routed via the new transcontinental, including Oriental and Australian business and freight traffic to and from Vancouver Island and Alaska.

Then he spent another $1,300,000 in land in one hundred smaller towns along the line. Thus, all told, the English banking houses, which are behind him, have put into Canada real estate, the tidy sum of $10,500,000.

This looked like a whopping big deal, but the full importance of it did not strike me until I got back home and began comparing notes on methods. The land speculator takes an option on land and sells it out to a land operator, who in turn sells it to the individual settler. Neither buys outright and

HARVEST SCENE IN SASKATCHEWAN

This is the section that produced the wheat which won first prize for the world's best wheat at the New York

OAT FIELD NEAR VERMILION, ALBERTA

This is one of the best known oat-raising sections of Western Canada

each is quickly in and out of a given transaction or district. The ordinary colonization company takes an option on a strip of ground, and, maybe, pays down $3.00 an acre and lets the man who buys finish the payments. Mr. Hansen has a method differing radically from either or both of these. He and his English supporters say that the average settler wants to know that the land seller is as permanently a factor in the field as he intends to become. Mr. Hansen put it this way:

ALBERTA CATTLE IN PASTURE

The long, luscious grasses of Alberta ripen on the stalk and serve as pasture all winter, the stock ranging out without shelter, and doing well

"We bought our land outright and we sell it on payments. When I say that we own $10,500,000 worth of real estate, I mean that we put in that amount of money. When we sell, the person who buys is dealing with us until he completes his payments."

That came as near being an argument as I could get out of the man who has used his skill in finance to organize, financially, a lot of the unoccupied land of Canada.

The situation, as I see it, is one of the biggest things in a country which is teeming with big movements. Here is a railway which is, on one side, colonizing its lands and planning for towns which it hopes to fill up with factories. Here is, on the other side, a powerful organization at the head of which is the quiet and effective Dane. The purpose of this organization is to colonize land and then bring the community life to a focus in some hundred of cities. It is really a movement toward the organization of the wilderness and the skill which is directing the organization was picked by a Danish boy in the highly specialized financial district of London, England.

It requires but two touches to complete the picture; these show how the organization works in detail:

"The communities write in to us and tell us that they need a blacksmith or a general store or a coal yard or something of that sort. We add that to our list. Then comes a buyer who wants to locate some place where they need a blacksmith or a store keeper or something along his line. We give him the list and he makes his selection."

Then this other touch:

"The town sites are, for the buyers, a speculation in a sure thing. A community always focuses in a town and the better the community the better

the town. If there is added the touch of two or three railways, the town is still more promising. We lay out the towns and then tell people what they may expect. If a man wants to go to that sort of a place we sell him a lot on payments, the same as is done in any highly organized community in the world. He makes his choice according to the promise of the town as shown by the surrounding development."

During the past seasons a number of land seekers' excursions were organized from the American side and shown over this country. They were first taken in automobiles, and then left to go in any way they wished, to make enquiry, and finally to decide what they wished to do. In short, they were turned out to dig in the soil for themselves, to heft and nibble at the hard wheat berries and to ask questions of the pioneer farmers already on the ground. They were absolutely free to say "No," and go back home to Illinois or Iowa or Kansas. There was no compulsion for them to buy, save the compulsion which every good American feels when he sees a real bargain. It is not surprising that a scheme of this kind, which is only possible where large sums of ready money are available, should attract the very best class of settler. While it is not possible for the company to give the English emigrant quite the same opportunity as is given to his American brother, owing to the greater distance, the methods suffice to convince the intending British emigrant of the best class that this is a country in which it is safe to invest. The British emigrant, coming out, knows he is coming to the form of government to which he is accustomed, and to the same law-abiding communities that he has known at home. The American immigrant very speedily learns that, in changing from the Stars and Stripes to the Union Jack, he has nothing to fear in the matter of oppressive laws or heavy taxation.

ON THE BANKS OF THE SASKATCHEWAN

Big colonization projects are not new in Canada. Various church organizations in eastern Canada and Great Britain have undertaken this work; and many great land-settling companies have been formed. But here we have a plan, which has been laid on simple lines, involving a greater expenditure of capital than anything before undertaken by private enterprise.

After all, one decides, those ten years of schooling in the financial district of London taught this Danish boy how to proceed with things in an orderly fashion, and his associates in England and the unoccupied lands of western Canada are now getting the benefit.

The boldness of this scheme of colonization, requiring as it does a preliminary outlay of more than ten million dollars, almost staggers the imagination. And yet it is not a dream; it is a reality. The money has been paid; the people are pouring in; the towns are being created; and from the Atlantic to the Pacific the beneficent use of British capital is attracting the best possible settlers from both Britain and the United States, to make their homes in the new country, adding to its wealth and their own.

The Way Out

By Frank Houghton

Illustrated by Ellsworth Young

"YOU are really going to-morrow, John?"

"Really, dear."

He leaned towards her and took her hand in his. They were riding together at a walk along the McLeod Trail, a little to the south of Midnapore, in Alberta.

John Brierton was a Canadian and a superlatively fine horseman and shot. He was a slight, well-set-up man of about five feet, ten inches. His face was boldly featured, lean and dark, with the reliant look of one who has had to make his own way through a world not always found too smooth. It was the face of one who will play the game of life with fairness, courage, and that determination to succeed which is in itself a measure of success. His eyes, perhaps his finest feature, had a something of the dreamer in their depths. His age could not have exceeded thirty years. By profession he was a mining engineer.

His companion, Miss Edith Gordon, was a tall, fair girl, the beauty of that country side.

For a little while they rode together in silence, then the girl spoke:

"You think there is no chance of Morton's being mistaken?"

"Of course there is a chance, Edith; mining is the greatest gamble in the world, but there is also that other chance. I do not think a man of

Morton's wide experience would have written as he did unless he felt very sure indeed."

"He is honest, you think ?"

"I would stake my life upon his honesty."

"You won't forget your promise to me, John ?" She glanced at him; there came a troubled look upon her charming face.

"About my eyes ? No, dear, I won't forget. I'll see that Vancouver specialist as soon as I arrive, and write and tell you what he says. It is probably nothing. You must not worry, Edith."

"I do not like it, John."

For a year past Brierton had frequently noticed, whenever he glanced quickly at anything, that tiny threads appeared before his eyes, to vanish almost instantly. For the last month or two those curious little threads had appeared more frequently, but his sight was as good as it had ever been. One day, a week since, he had told Miss Gordon, the English beauty, whom he loved and was going to marry. Hence the promise that she had insisted upon his making.

For a little way they rode together in silence, when the girl again spoke:

"The day after to-morrow is the beginning of the polo, John; you will miss it all."

"I will miss a great deal more than polo, Edith, by going to-morrow." At the meeting of their eyes he smiled a little sadly.

"You make money at your profession, John, why go at all ?"

"Money !" He shrugged and laughed. "So much depends upon what one calls money. This is a chance. Why, Edith, it may mean a fortune ! There is no man in all western America whose opinion on an undeveloped property I would sooner take than Jim Morton's and he is enthusiastic about it."

"Well, dear, I hope and trust that it will be all right." Then gathering the reins up in her hands she touched the pony with the spur, saying: "We must hurry, John, if we would get home by luncheon time."

A few days later John Brierton stood in the consulting room of the eye-specialist in Vancouver. He told the doctor of those curious little threads that had disturbed him. The doctor, a grave, bright-eyed, clever-looking man, had listened silently and had then asked Brierton if he suffered much from headaches. To which Brierton had replied that he had not had a headache for ten years. Next he tried his sight in reading a card of gradually diminishing text, distant the length of the room. He was then seated in a chair and the doctor made a lengthy examination of his eyes, entering everything in a book. At length, laying down his pen, he wheeled his chair about and faced his patient.

"Well ?" said Brierton, and for a moment he could appreciate the feelings of a man awaiting sentence. The doctor's face was grave as ever. Brierton found himself wondering if gravity was its habitual expression. Then the doctor began speaking and his patient told himself that it was nothing after all.

"At present," the doctor said, "your eyesight is most excellent, your range of vision perfect, the visual accuity all that it should be, there is not even a trace of astigmatism; the accommodation, too, is above the normal; if you shoot I would say that you are a good shot."

"Very fair, I believe."

The doctor paused a moment, then continued: "But, Mr. Brierton, you are threatened with cataract of both eyes, in fact I must tell you, it is inevitable."

"Blind! Must I go blind ?" he asked himself, and for a brief moment the horror of it staggered his fine manhood. Only the keenest observer, however, might have detected a sudden dilation, swift as thought, of the pupils of his eyes. On the instant, as it were, he was himself again.

"Which means blindness ?" he remarked in steady, quiet tones.

"Only temporary loss of sight."

"Are operations for the removal of cataract always successful ?"

"They are successful as a rule, Mr. Brierton; it is a comparatively simple operation."

"How much longer am I to have my sight? Please tell me all you can about it, doctor, it is very interesting to me."

"In about three months your sight will grow more dim, you will see those threads oftener and you will see more of them. In about three months and a half, possibly four months, you will lose your sight completely. That is all I, or any man, can tell you."

And so the sentence was passed and he had taken it as he would always take the buffets of fortune, with a smiling fortitude. There only remained to pay the doctor now and to take himself and his troubles away.

At his hotel that evening he wrote a long letter to Miss Gordon. He told her everything as he had promised he would, but he made but little of his threatened calamity, dwelling with a light-hearted insistence upon the certainty of a cure by a simple operation.

The day following Brierton joined his partner in Victoria.

That partner of his, James Morton, was a very giant of a man, standing quite six feet three inches in his socks and weighing nearly eighteen stone. Brierton had "grub-staked" him to prospect for copper on or in the neighborhood of the Queen Charlotte Islands off the coast of northern British Columbia.

The letter received at Midnapore by Brierton had told him of his partner having located a couple of claims early that spring upon a fair-sized island a few miles to the westward of the Queen Charlotte group. Morton had also arranged with the captain of a schooner to carry them, with their provisions and mining tools, to their claims, and to call for them on his return in about two months and a half.

In another three days the schooner sailed and in due time landed them, with their provisions, in a little bay of the island. All the way upon their voyage Brierton was agreeably entertained with stories of the richness of their property. And upon his inspection of it, the day following their arrival, he was more than pleased to find that Morton had fully justified his faith in him.

They had a year's assessment work to do. In fact as much as ever they could do, "the more the merrier!" Morton, spurred by the fortune in the rich ore, was a veritable glutton of endeavor. He worked like two men or a giant; with a Berserk glory in his tremendous strength. He moved such rocks as to fill his partner with admiration of his energy and muscle, while joyous oaths rolled out of him as ruggedly as did the ore, spilled from his barrow, trundle down the dump. Those crowded hours, their ceaseless toil, uncovering as they labored, tier on tier, the scaffolding of a fortune, intoxicated them like brandy, it was a veritable orgie of dollar making. The never ceasing-blows of pick and hammer seemed flogging laggard Time until she galloped. Before they were well aware of it, three months had passed and their provisions were getting low. Their island was out of the general track of vessels, while the one they were depending upon to call for them was lost in a fierce gale.

By that time, too, Brierton's eyes had got so much worse that he could not see the ground distinctly at his feet, so that he often stumbled while walking. Still he refrained from mentioning to his partner a horror that was now beginning to prey upon him.

Then the autumn rains began. At length, upon a dreary day while the rain fell with a sad persistency, and the massed clouds hung low above a heaving, leaden sea, Brierton told his partner of his trouble and that he feared he was going blind.

One day Morton killed a deer, which made an agreeable change in the unvarying bacon diet. That evening a panther, the living specter of those northern solitudes, lurked near. She moved about with a strong quietude. Now and again she raised her short, blunt nose, sniffed and whined, while by her side, imitating her every action, crept two little balls of fur, likenesses in miniature of herself.

The panther was old and thin; every year she got thinner, and her bones showed more plainly and the play of her muscles could be seen more easily, and her claws grew shorter and more

worn. Her teeth, too, rotted away a little and ached. She found it ever more difficult to catch and kill deer and blue grouse. She was living now more like a lynx, upon hares. Sometimes, too, she found stinking, putrid fish upon the beach and ate them. That was why, each year, she grew more savagely ferocious and the wild blood lust grew in proportion to her inability to satisfy it.

The breeze,—she and her cubs were to windward of the camp,—carried the sweet odor of cooking venison; that was why she sniffed and whined. That was why her babies wrinkled up their lips and showed their rows of gleaming, sharp little teeth, and their eyes shone with a youthful ferocity.

Twice she circled the camp. Sometimes she would lie down and stretch her strong fore legs out, working her worn claws. Then she would half close her eyes, and wrinkles would come about the corners of her grim mouth, and her fierce yellow fangs would show. A little away from her, for they were afraid of her when the fierce blood lust would rouse that ecstacy of longing, her savage cubs lay as she lay, with extended, rigid forelegs, working their claws in and out, in and out. At last she slunk away into the black shadows of the trees, where, rounding a great root, she came upon a hare. He sat crouching in his form, timid, quaking creature, scared of shadows. A lightning movement, a ferocious snap, a tiny death shriek, and he lay before them broken-backed, only a whet to the fierce blood lust.

Another fortnight passed and on a morning when the sun shone with a cloudless splendor, John Brierton awakened in the little tent, blind! It did not shock and terrify him as might have been supposed, he had the strength and courage to take the dread affliction calmly, quietly. He sat up and rested his chin in his hands, his elbows on his knees. To his partner, who lay wrapped in his blankets on the other side of the tent, he appeared to be staring straight before him.

Morton moved a little. Brierton faced the sound and spoke.

"Jim," he said—he paused a moment with a mirthless laugh—"the blow has fallen at last. Man, I am blind."

Morton sat up horrified; of the two, he seemed the more upset. The silence and calmness of his friend frightened him. Like many a weak man he thought, should such an affliction come upon him, he would destroy himself. He did not possess the indomitable spirit that would hold out to the end, that would fight even against the seeming cruelty of God, despite its impotence.

CHAPTER II.

For the first three days succeeding his blindness Brierton never left the tent and Morton stayed with him. Those days were of a kind that leave their shadow on a lifetime. Days infinitely long and of silence that was tragic. Morton, never a talking man, now in the face of a calamity so shocking, seemed stricken dumb. For hours he would sit without a word, a helpless pity shining in his eyes. When he talked at all 'twas always of the schooner, why did she not come? what was it that kept her? Often, too, he would curse a fate he could not comprehend. Adding to the loneliness of their environment, the rain fell ceaselessly. Once in a pretty breeze, a good five-miles distant, a barque sailed westward. On another afternoon two steamers passed, also at a distance; while ever in the hearts of those two men there was that prayer, "God send a schooner."

Another day dawned and the rain had ceased. After their breakfast Brierton announced his intention of walking every day if his friend would lead him. At first it was a trying process, he continually stumbled. Then he gained more confidence and walked further and faster. By the end of ten days he was walking as far as the mine. There he would sit and listen to his partner working; to his tense breathing as he moved some heavy log; to his breath liberated harshly as he loosed his hold upon it; to the responsive concussion of its fall. The commonplace little things of noise and movement held now a new signi-

ficance. He yearned for the lost privilege of weary arms.

When in the tent, by the aid of a little guide he had thought of and his friend made for him, he could write, and all the time he was not at the mine claim he spent over an elaborate diary of their life upon the island. Every day, too, he wrote to Miss Gordon. He locked the letters away in a little case he had. It gave him heart to write to her.

For the first fortnight of his blindness Brierton did not sleep so well. Once as he lay in tortured wakefulness, towards morning he heard the sound of a heavy animal moving stealthily about. At first he thought it was a deer, then his trained ear told him it was not. At first he heard it behind the tent, then on one side, then in front. It was moving round the camp. Gradually drowsiness overcame him and he slept.

The panther, for it was she, with her two cubs, had winded a recent kill and circled the sleeping camp. Four times they went around it. Then the fierce old mother lay down, and by her side her cubs. They were larger now, more supple and more sinuous, with muscles that grew ever more dangerous with their days, in a quick growth of savagery. That blood lust, too, was now strong in all of them, and teased, almost to madness, their fierce yearning, so that their ferocious dam breathed stertorously, then purred, and her devil's brood purred with her.

HE TURNED TO SPRING, BUT TURNED TOO LATE

Meanwhile the rain had begun again and fell continuously, till on an evening in the latter part of August it ceased for a little time and the heavy clouds rolled sluggishly away. The moon, at full, came out and lighted a calm, sad, ever-moving ocean.

Until nearly midnight Brierton sat before the little tent; he thought of Edith and the sunbathed prairies where she lived, while the very soul in the man rebelled against his enforced imprisonment. In those cruel moments too, perhaps, he hated that green island and all of their damned fortune in it. What was a million after all as compared with a loved face, the touch of sympathetic hands? For a while he sat with his head bowed, then rising, he stretched his lean arms and, turning, crept noiselessly into the tent.

He had barely composed himself in his blankets for the night when, sud-

denly, in a gentle air, upon that calm, moonlit sea, not over fifty fathoms distant, beautiful as a white cloud in heaven, with a stately, gliding way upon her, a very embodiment of silence, there passed by those sleeping men a tall schooner! She was so close indeed that they could have easily conversed with a man who paced the deck or the helmsman at his steering. Every sail was set, while the summer moon threw into a strong relief of brilliance her snowy dress. Her tapering spars seemed tipped with flame. She came and passed like a bright picture, and a big headland jutting to the south blotted the picture out as though it were a tale.

The day following, Brierton and his friend went for a longer walk and climbed a hill distant nearly four miles. The top of it was bare of trees; on its western side, in one place, it was broken by a land slip in a sheer drop of some thirty feet. For a few moments the two men rested, seated on a log. Then Morton, rising, asked his partner to wait where he was while he explored the summit. He walked straight over to the break and along it for a little way. Rounding a boulder for an instant he stood upon the verge.

In that instant there was a queer, ominous, grating noise and the earth moved fearfully beneath his feet. He looked about him in a startled, vacant way, a horrid pallor on his face. Then he turned to spring, but turned too late. He threw his hands above his head and gave a sobbing cry. There was a sickening, grinding, rending noise and several tons of earth and boulders broke from the cliff and thundered to the bottom. And in its midst fell Morton. He was not killed and buried in the debris, that was the awful pity of it. He fell on top, the tons beneath served but to break his fall. A rock of many hundredweight crushed his thigh fearfully, breaking the bone in several places. He half sat, half lay, where he had fallen.

Brierton, seated but a little distance away, distinctly heard the rending of the fractured earth. He heard, too, that cry which told so plainly of a fearful strait. Rising hastily to his feet, he stumbled in the direction, feeling his way. When within six paces of the edge Morton saw and warned him in hoarse, broken tones. He told him, too, which way to go, then fainted.

Brierton, perceiving the agony in his voice, asked what had happened, but from the unconscious man received no answer. He slowly picked his way along. From a bush he broke a branch with which to feel the ground in front. 'Twas well for him he did so, for half a dozen times in his descent he came so near the edge that feeling with the stick, he probed the empty air. Shuddering, he would draw back, with swimming head, as though he stood upon an edge of unplumbed height.

At last he reached the bottom. Then turning, he felt his way, with tapping stick, along the scarped face towards his stricken friend. Every little way he called his name. At last there came a feeble answer from a short distance in front. A minute later he was kneeling by his partner's side. Morton told him what had happened in a shaking voice, for the agony in his crushed and broken thigh was awful.

Brierton sat down by his side and thought. But think as he would, there seemed no way out of their dreadful plight. To find his way back to their camp alone was next to impossible. Supposing too, he found the camp, what good could come of it? He rose to his feet, he would not think, the outlook staggered him. The one and only picture thought placed upon his mental retina was but a lingering death. A schooner, should one ever pass, would never see them, being, as they were, a good half mile inland.

But why dwell upon so slim a possibility? To hope was but an added torture. He turned his sightless eyes upon the grey heaven with that question so many have asked in vain, "O, God, how have we sinned?" Bowing his head he covered his face with his hands.

For perhaps a moment a sudden terror shook him, a terror of the sentient and familiar things of every-day existence that crowded near him, that jostled for a footing; the rocks, the whispering trees and the sad moving

ocean. That awful loneliness, apart from human sympathy, it hurt the heart in him; he saw, though blind, and felt it shudderingly. For that tremendous instant he stood upon the verge, his soul was balanced as it were; on one side yawned the abyss, upon the other sanity and present safety. He raised his head and crushed the fatal weakness down. He faced the cruelty of an unseen world.

Aided by his stick, he found a large boulder where he seated himself, resting his back against it. He spoke again to his friend, but Morton had again fainted. For a long time he lay unconscious, and Brierton sat in silence with set teeth. To make matters still more unbearable, the rain began to fall. It rained without cessation through the long night, but through the greater part of it Morton had the good fortune to remain insensible. Towards the morning he seemed to recover his senses completely. Just as the first, faint light of a drowsy dawn appeared, he called to Brierton. The rain still fell, but so fine that it was like a mist.

"We're done for, Jack," he said.

"It looks like it," Brierton replied.

"We'll die like other poor, damned prospectors I have known, all alone in the bush, all alone." His voice trailed away into silence.

"How is the leg ?" Brierton asked him at the end of another half hour or so.

"Oh just the same, just an aching, gnawing agony." He began blaspheming in a low, monotonous voice. Then he burst forth:

"Jack, what are we waiting for ?"

Brierton did not reply.

"Man, I say, what are we waiting for ?"

"God only knows."

"We're waiting for a slow, hellish death, that's what we're waiting for."

Brierton was silent.

"Jack."

"Well, what is it ?"

"I just want to tell you right now, that I ain't goin' to die here slow, not on your life ! I'll wait a spell longer an' if help don't come, I'll sure take the gun, and you'd best do the same. It'll just be a crash an' then comfort and the long sleep, no more pain an' worry, just the finest kind o' rest."

Brierton shook his head. When Morton began speaking to him that morning he was thinking of Edith Gordon, the tall fair girl with the charming eyes. In fact, all that morning he had been constantly thinking of her.

"No, Jim," he replied, "I'll not shoot myself, at least not yet. I think I'll just fight it out to the bitter end. Certainly shooting now would be easy." He paused, then added: "No, I will not take the easy way."

Again there was silence between them. A blue grouse, with the strong whirr of its wings, flew by and settled in a hemlock.

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon the rain ceased, the clouds broke and the sun came out.

Brierton, stiff from his long sitting, rose to his feet and began pacing up and down. By evening he was very hungry. Morton, too, complained of hunger. Fortunately the night was still and warm. Brierton, leaning against a rock, managed to get some sleep. The morning broke calm and cloudless. All that day until the evening, the two men hardly spoke to each other. Then Morton again began talking. He was still thinking of self-destruction and spoke again to Brierton about it. But Brierton only shook his head, saying that he would fight it out, that he would not take "the easy way," as he called it.

During that day,—it was the third day,—he paced up and down as he had done the evening before. He was very weak by that time and his legs shook under him. Often he staggered as though drunken. Morton, lying still, watched him. A dull pain wracked his side. Brierton no longer asked him if he suffered, there was something too cruelly farcical in the question.

Towards evening Morton complained savagely of hunger and broke into awful language, cursing his perpetual hard luck, his life, everything.

Brierton likewise suffered from the same cause. He no longer paced up and down, but sat in silence, his arms

folded about his chest, his mouth set in a grim line, his poor sightless eyes staring at nothing. He did not sleep at all that night, the pangs of hunger tortured him.

The sun was just rising when Morton again spoke to him, his voice had grown extraordinarily weak.

"Jack," he said, "I've stood it long enough, the awful pain is making this slow death a hell." As he spoke he drew from its holster, his heavy Colt revolver, which he, like most prospectors carried, and cocked it.

Brierton heard the sharp click, click of the lock, and held up his hand.

"Hold on a minute, Jim."

Morton in the act of raising the weapon, laid it down.

"Well ?"

"Since you have determined to put an end to yourself, do this first for me. You have a pencil ?"

He felt in his pocket and replied in the affirmative.

"Then write your intention on a piece of paper, so that should our bodies be found, and any question arise, it will exonerate me."

Morton wrote in a pocket book he always carried, then read aloud as follows: "I, James Morton, being in full possession of my right mind, do intend to shoot myself to avoid a lingering and horrible death. I do further give and bequeath to my good friend, John Brierton, all my right, title and interest in, or to, "The Copper Queen" group of mineral claims located by us near the middle of this island." This he signed and dated and placed carefully in the breast pocket of his coat. He told his friend where he had put it and asked if it would do.

"Have you no relations to whom you would care to leave your interest, or who might put forward a claim ?"

"Damn a one, Jack." He shook his head.

Again Brierton's mouth set in a grim line. He would accept it all. This last fight was for Edith Gordon. Everything he could get he would take for her.

Morton looked at his friend a moment, then raised the weapon to his head.

"Good bye, Jack," he said in a steady, even voice.

"Good bye, old chap, and may the Christian God forgive you," his friend replied solemnly.

There came the crash of the report, a short, choking moan, then silence. James Morton had chosen "the easy way."

John Brierton sat still, his arms folded, his head up, staring with sightless eyes before him. His face was gray and haggard. The awful picture he could see, though blind, shocked his imagination. He would not take "the easy way." He had always held himself a man. Morton's method of shifting an obligation did not tally with his conception of manhood. His last grim battle, if it must be the last, he would fight right out to death's limit. Even through "the waters of bitterness" he would struggle to that mystic shore, the soul's millenium, and God would be his umpire !

Nearly three-quarters of a mile distance the old she panther, with her two fierce cubs, lay in the shadow of a fallen tree. She heard the revolver shot, faint and far away, and pricked her short ears. She was a very cunning old beast, the life she had led, the many hardships she had endured, the families she had reared, had all helped to make her cunning, cruel and very dangerous.

That quick report she had heard many times before in the past summer, and five or six years previously when some sailors from a wrecked schooner had spent several weeks upon the island. And always she had learned that that sharp, sudden noise meant two things,—man and blood ! always, man and blood ! She had come to know that Man, her most dangerous enemy, always killed that way. She stretched herself and whined, then rising to her feet trotted away, followed by her cubs. In a short distance she came to the men's trail, halted a moment sniffing, then ran along it swiftly, and her two fierce babies galloped by her side.

Soon they reached the summit of the hill. Then very cautiously the old mother crept along, almost on her

JOHN BRIERTON WAS SINGING

belly, to the broken edge; while close behind her, imitating her every move, her two cubs followed. At the edge, lying flat, under cover of a bush, they all peered over, listening and watching! What she heard and saw puzzled that wise old mother, but what she did not smell puzzled her still more. Being to windward she did not smell the blood which, in a crimson stream, crossed the dead man's face.

Neither did she see the smoke. Where men rested there was always smoke, she knew. Then, too, one of the men she could not understand. He was sitting down, his back against a boulder singing!

Yes, John Brierton was singing. That Christian God who loves a brave man, one who will fight the last fight to the bitter end, a man who will not take "the easy way," was now making the hard way easy for John Brierton. The cruel pangs of hunger he felt no more. The words of a mining camp song he had learned in Alaska ran in his head, and being very comfortable where he sat, and happy, he laughed a little to himself and sang them in a weak voice. It was a gruesome song, the air slow and halting:

Oh, the red gold lies on the river bars,
Her eyes so bright and her lips so red,
The dead man lay with his face to the stars,
A knife in his heart and a hole in his head.

He could only remember a verse here and there. He realized that he was sitting in the shade of some cottonwood trees on a hill overlooking the Gordon's ranch. It was a summer day, a cool breeze played upon his face while he waited for his dearest. So he felt very happy and sang again:

And Death rode high in the storm-swept sky,
Her breast so white, oh, the merry, merry game!
And the dead man's blood it flowed like wine,
And the dead man's soul went by like flame!

Then he saw his darling walking up

the hill towards him. She looked just as he had seen her last with the sunlight in her charming eyes. She seated herself close by and leaned towards him, her chin resting in her hand. She wore a big hat covered with some white material. There was a warm flush upon her cheeks and she smiled, and the smile mingled with the light in her dear eyes. Then he told her all about his trip. How he and Morton had staked out the claims upon the island; how Morton had died, so that now his dearest and he owned all of the mine; that they would be rich now, so that she might have all she wished for. He told her too of his blindness, but that now his eyes were well again. He talked to her all that day for she would not leave him. And she told him of the ranch, of the horses and cattle and of how all their vegetables had been killed by frost that summer, and she smiled upon him her dear, lovely smile. When evening came she said good night to him and kissed him, and told him to be brave and that she would come again in the morning.

All that night Brierton slept from sheer weakness, for he was dying rapidly, but he was happy and while he slept he smiled. For God was making the hard way he had chosen very beautiful, as he will sometimes for a hero.

When his dear love returned to him again, the panther, with her two bloodthirsty cubs, had descended from the hill and crept round to leeward of the dead man and the happy, dying one. Suddenly the old panther crouched low upon the sodden leaves and curled her evil lips, showing her savage fangs, and growled softly, and her fierce babies did the same. For where they lay just then, there came to them upon a gentle breeze, a scent of what they loved most of all things in this world, and the fierce blood lust grew rampant.

But the old mother was deeply perplexed, for she could not understand the situation. Her instinct told her that one man could not harm them, but then there was that other. The one with the thin, starved face and eager, enraptured eyes, who leaned against the rock and talked, and talked. She could not make him out at all. Round and round the two she walked with strong, noiseless tread, and round and round her savage cubs went with her. As she grew bolder, the circle round the dead man and the happy dying one grew smaller, and ever as the circle lessened the maddening blood lust grew.

Early that morning while Brierton sat there talking to his dearest, a trim schooner furled her sails in a bay of the island, not above a mile from where the dying man sat. A boat was quickly lowered, some sailors manned it and pulled, singing, to the shore. The captain had given them a holiday to spend upon the island. They carried shot guns with them and were like a troop of mad school boys.

No sooner were they landed, when, roaring oaths and scraps of sea songs, they plunged through the woods, straight in the direction of that fatal hill. In a little way they flushed two blue grouse which settled in a spruce. Two guns charged heavily with black powder thundered as one, a torn and mutilated bird, the recipient of both charges, toppled to the ground.

The old panther raised her head in startled recognition of the sound. A not too distant sailor's hail scared her still more. With a fierce snarling growl she turned, and followed by her savage brood sought sanctuary in the woods

Another quarter of an hour elapsed, when three sailors, roaring joyous curses, stood on the summit of the hill, but a few paces from its broken edge.

And so, at the last moment, as it were, John Brierton's life was saved !

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

HERE we are jumping into the heart of it—of the good old summer time—after that long stretch of winter, those grim, cold days when the weather catches us in the knees, my dears, and in the small of the back, my dears, until we feel the Pack, once carried so gaily, so lightly, to be growing somewhat of a burden. Not this merry Pack forsooth, but the one we call Life, which is such a queer bundle, such a medley of things. June, and the trees dressed in tenderest green and the ache gone from stiffening knees; a breath of life's springtime again informing body and brain with hope and lightness of heart! It is very good to be alive; to be on top of the turf instead of under it; to be looking up at the moon on hot nights, and chatting gently on verandahs, and sailing a little and swimming a little and watching the boys and girls dancing at the yacht clubs, and listening to the murmurings of lovers, which mingles with the lap of the waters against the long pier. June, and Love, and Young Life, and weddings, and bride-cake to dream upon, and all over again the old, sweet story!

SCOTCH VERSUS IRISH WHISKEY

ARE they going to deprive Scotsmen of their whiskey? Professor Blackie once said that Scotland was but a speck on the map of Europe, and could easily be hidden away in one corner out of sight but for the fact that the smell of its whiskey would betray its whereabouts. All the world over, Scotch whiskey is the beloved beverage of club-men and parliamentary gossips. It is the thing to top off with; the only nectar permissible after a toss of champagne. The modern butler has no respect for the gentleman who asks for Irish when the last tray makes its appearance in the library. Time was when Irish was a-top in the matter of drinks, but it has given way to its brither celt, the uisgebeatha of the men who come from the rugged fastnesses of the Grampians and such-like bonny hills.

It is Andrew Lang, I think, Merry Andrew, who tells the story about the ducks at a famous distillery at Inverness. They acquired a taste for whiskey, and were often to be found lying helplessly drunk by the side of the stream which flowed through the place. Im-

mediately they got sober they returned to the stream to partake of the refuse which had the effect of putting them in such a hilarious state. There is another tale told of the days in Scotland when whiskey punch was the beverage of all classes, and men were employed, when the laird had a party, in taking the guests home in barrows after they had reached the customary stage, since to go home sober was an insult to one's host.

Happily a change has come over such a state of affairs. Though it was just the same in Ireland, where the host frequently locked the door of the supper chamber, threw the key out of the window and prepared to lay every man and himself under the table. A practice of even the present sober days is that the grocer throws in a handful of peppermints with each gill of whiskey he sells, so that those—especially ladies of the Sairey Gamp type—who indulge, may get rid of the odor as quickly as possible. A common ruse adopted in some Scottish villages where the licensed grocer sells coal oil, is to tie a string to the neck of the bottle so that people who see it carried by the string naturally conclude that the oil bottle has been replenished.

I well remember a steward on my own father's place in Ireland—a big Irishman who was too often tempted to take a long drop of the crathur. A comrade of his, a Scotchman, was baillie on an adjoining estate, and at times the two would foregather at fair or market on a drinking bout. After a number of glasses they would start for home with a bottle between them, Paddy hilarious and singing and screeching at the top of his voice; Sandy, dour and silent. Once we met them so occupied, and Governor stopped to expostulate with his own man. But Paddy was past all that. He was trailing his coat and entreating Sandy to dance on the tail of it and be knocked into smithereens for his trouble. Sandy, sad-faced and sour, turned his face to the hedge, raised the bottle and drained it to the last dram—and after that there was war. But the Scot walked serenely out of the cloud of dust and left poor Patrick helpless on the broad of his back, in the middle of the road, and cursing profoundly. The police came and took Paddy to jail. The magistrate fined him. His wife belabored him with her tongue and the priest gave him an endless prayer to say for penance. All round he got the worst end of it. And Sandy never turned a hair but went about his business as sane and silent as ever.

But the man who has made Scotch whiskey immortal is Burns. He has been the best friend the distillers ever had. He it was who made whiskey a national beverage. Who does not know his ode to it?

> O Whiskey! Soul o' plays an' pranks!
> Accept a bardie's humble thanks!
> When wanting thee what tuneless cranks
> Are my poor verses.

Poor Bobbie Burns! Most delightful of poets! 'Tis enough to make one curse the bottle that brought thee so early to the grave, and robbed an "ower sad world" of a spirit at once so brave and so gay.

However, as the Scotch M. P. said the other day in Westminster when the Scottish Temperance Bill was brought on the carpet, there is little danger that "my countrymen will ever be either sickeningly abstemious or ostentatiously teetotal." Scotch and not Irish will continue to be the master drink in Clubland.

WHERE FAME DOES NOT PENETRATE

ALAS! What is fame? A theatrical manager in Hungary has just made the delightful announcement that at his theatre on a certain date there will be presented for the first time, Romeo and Juliet, "a sensational tragedy universally known, in five acts, with songs, dances and Bengal lights, by William Shakespere. The distinguished author will himself take a prominent part in the performance."

Now and forever all doubt should be set at rest as to who wrote Shakespere's plays and sonnets. No more need learned doctors fish for sea chests in winding Devon or Somerset streams; Mr. Donnelly must remain for ever in the well-deserved depths to which he has long since sunk, and as for Bacon—don't mention it! The world is but

a little place after all, despite our advances and inventions and discoveries. Here we are living next door to everyone else—collecting in an hour news from the ends of the earth and presenting it in the centre; with our wireless, our cables, our North and South Poles in our grasp, so to speak, and yet there are places and peoples where Shakespere is unknown and to whom Romeo and Juliet is a sensational tragedy written but yesterday. There must be thousands of world nooks which lie as yet untouched by our discoveries; little old Cranfords where Miss Poles and Miss Mattys flourish in some gentle human gardens and even where they wear pattens! As a matter of fact, it is not two years since I met and talked with a whole family who had never yet seen a train, but who were quite conversant with the movements of a motor car. I even think there are people living who believe they were found, when they were babies, in a cabbage, or brought home in a band-box by that long-standing old joker, the family doctor.

Well, there will always be primroses growing by the river brink—that are just primroses, and nothing more, to many people.

LITTLE OLD CRANFORDS, WHERE MISS POLES AND MISS MATTYS FLOURISH

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH US?

THE wreck of the Titan of the sea staggered humanity. No story of the awfulness of the sea is more dreadful, more grim, more hopeless. The lost Titanic was the last word in scientific ship-building—the last word in sea-going luxury—the last word in speed. And yet she lived but four hours after she had received her death blow from the iceberg. The excitement, the horror at sea, can hardly be guessed by one who has never ventured from his native shores. I remember once when coming up to Halifax from Demerara, our ship—a little pot-bellied old steamship, barquentine rigged and with one boiler—was caught in a hurricane. You might think it funny to see a ship doing the turkey trot, or trying to see how far down she could lean in the sea without turning over, but you would see nothing humorous about it if you were inside her. The swaying and gyrating, the loud cracking of furniture, the straining and creaking of the ship, the crash when the piano in the ladies' cabin broke loose and fell into the bar-room among the bottles; the screams of alarm, the shriek of the wind in the rigging; the awful cry—"man overboard!" and the sight of the little hat, the poor fellow's tarpaulin, bobbing for a second on the crest of a mighty wave; the flapping of a dead mongoose I was bringing north, which hung from the ceiling and rapped me in the face and from which I could not get away, and the dismal prayers of an old native woman who held me tight around the knees, screeching at intervals: "We'll both go down togedder, honey; fo' de Lawd's sake doan' leggo o' me"—are things to be remembered always—some of them with a laugh now—but not then when old Death was grinning at the port-hole.

Some such memories flooded the soul at the reading of the gigantic catastrophe which overtook the Titanic a couple of months ago, but the imagination over-leaped them and was busy almost living the scenes on the ill-fated ship as one read them. One hour in such warmth, such luxury, such surroundings—everything beautiful and

artistic that money could buy—the next, shivering in a little boat among the icebergs, all around, the gray, desolate, booming sea, with the wounded ship struggling, heaving and leaning in her death-throes. And the silent ghosts of the sea—the tall icebergs—symbols of all that is aloof, and grim, and unfeeling, sailing out upon their stately way! And women looking everywhere for their beloved! Raising imploring hands, beseeching God who was so far away—so serene and still above there in His great heaven and all the wealth of no avail to stay one tear, to turn one breaking sigh into a happy smile, to comfort one poor human creature in an hour of deepest woe! And the dresses of the beautiful women, the diamonds, the solid riches that faded for ever down into depths, two miles of depths, to where only the blind, cold monsters of the deep can live.

What is the matter with us? Is it lack of seamanship—of the old weather-beaten salts of wooden ships days, who could smell an iceberg long before sighting one; is it too much dependence on science or our craze for speed—the craze that will not permit the motorist who owns a forty-per-hour car to rest

I WATCHED A SPIDER AT WORK THE OTHER DAY

until he can get one that will double its speed? Is hurry the matter? Hurry to crush into our few little years of life every sensation, know every excitement, satisfy every curiosity, instead of taking, like our saner forbears, the peace and rest out of every slow, sunny hour, and patiently waiting on the gray days for the sun to break through again?

AN INEXORABLE OLD DAME

A MORE or less scientific writer once asked the world at large which is which in good or evil. And to answer himself he drew upon Nature. We are apt to consider Nature as a kindly, maternal personage who means well by us and who will reward us if we obey her laws and follow her well-rooted instructions. But is she? Is she not rather a grim and inexorable old dame—a sort of Mrs. General and Mrs. Pipchin combined, who will tolerate no disobedience, but will spank us well if we don't mind what she says? Let us study her for a moment.

I watched a spider at work the other day. She lived and spun in a corner of the cellar window, where the housemaid's broom never thinks of making explorations. She was big and gray and rather nasty. And she certainly had a biting way with her. A poor fool of a man-fly blundered across her filmy path. No other but a masculine insect could have done it so clumsily. Instantly she raced upon him, gathered him up—his thread-like legs struggling madly—and proceeded to suck him dry. I have rarely seen anything so swift and smooth as her assault and his finish, and I remembered the words of an eminent naturalist: "The instances of the exquisite subtlety and benevolence of Nature are infinite." To prove which our eminent gentleman continued and quoted the case of the cat's whiskers, which, he says, are "so exceedingly sensitive, being supplied through their roots with branches of the same nerves that give sensibility to the lips, that the cat is enabled acutely to feel the position of its prey when seizing it in the dark." Delightful benevolence of Nature! I would like to interview the next mouse I meet, and ask her opinion in this.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, is this good or evil? It must be one or the other. As a human, and especially a human woman, I might lean towards the opinion that it is good—mighty good—for us, since we both detest and fear you—but what do you think of the matter?"

You can imagine Mrs. Mouse's reply, yet no doubt she preys on something else—the mites in the cheese perhaps.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE subject fascinates one. Another naturalist exclaims over benevolent Nature in the matter of certain little animals furnished with fins, which inhabit a single drop of water in such multitudes that Leinwenbock, the natural philosopher, reckoned up to thousands of them. But why has this amiable, old mother of us all done this? To take Little Fins out for a swim, or treat them to ice-cream or a stroll through the woods to pick ferns? Not she! The little fellows are made absolutely to provide food for bigger fellows who in turn feed other bigger fellows, until we, the biggest fellows of all, eat them up.

A PRACTICE OF OUR PRESENT SOBER DAYS IS THAT THE GROCER THROWS IN A HANDFUL OF PEPPERMINTS WITH EACH GILL OF WHISKEY HE SELLS

And there was the man who cursed the souls of fleas because they were not lobsters. But had they been, think of his state. One live lobster in a bed would be enough to make him forswear Scotch for ever. I once saw a Spartan little boy who had thieved a live lobster from the "scile" of a Galway fishwife. He was sitting opposite to me in a Galway bus, and—I was little then and curious—he underwent such dreadful contortions that I screamed aloud, thinking the Devil had got hold of him. And he had. For the lobster had bitten through the little boy's back pocket and was tasting him upon a tender spot. For once Dame Nature was outwitted and the biter was bitten.

But the query stands. Which is bad and which is good? Our author cannot answer, nor can you or I. Is fire good for making water into steam, or is water good for putting fire out? Everything is both good and bad, or partakes of good and evil. It may be good for us to have chicken to eat, but how about the chicken's point of view? You or I would taste very good to the lion or the tiger, but what do we think of it—and so on, like the fleas—ad infinitum.

. . . . . .

A CHARACTER PONY

THE other day in London a coster was taken up for maltreating his "moke", which, in this case, was a small pony. The name of the pony was Whisker, and when the magistrate —jocularly inclined—asked this customer if the animal was christened "out of Dickens", the man replied:

"Cork bly me, if I know, Sir, w'ere 'e got 'is bloomin' nyme. 'E were a rare bad un, 'e were."

You remember Whisker, of course, the "character" pony in the Old Curiosity Shop, whose natural waywardness of disposition was emphasized by the fact that he knew what was said to him just as well as the person who said it. He would consent to go up any street that his driver selected, but only on his own terms as to pace. And he always strictly reserved his rights to both sides of the road. "If that pony

was, mine I'd break him," says Mr. Chuckster. Children might hang on to Whisker's tail, but he suffered no one to mount him. Only his owner could have put up with such an impracticable pony, and only Dickens have imagined him. Whisker died as he had lived—in clover—so unlike the poor fellow owned by the coster—and "his last act was to kick his doctor."

DICKENS AND THE UNITED STATES

THE mention of Dickens recalls how much surprise was expressed in England over the smallness of the amount—some $13,000 or so—realized in the United States for the granddaughters of Charles Dickens. But only the ignorant of the circumstances, or the unthinking, could so judge. When the Dickens Testimonial first started, America was "brought up standing" before the assertion that she should give most largely and abundantly of any because she had pirated the works of Dickens. Lord Rosebery was so unwise and so uninformed as to state in a public speech that the English author had "never received a cent of royalty from the United States." This is not so. His American publishers paid to Mr. Dickens the largest sums of any. There was no such thing as international copyright at the time, and piracy was common enough. But Dickens did not suffer from American piracy. On the contrary, a great part—if not the greater part—of his estate of half a million dollars came from America, through his readings as well as his books.

It is hardly good business to affront a man from whom you are going to ask a subscription. You would not expect a generous response, would you? Moreover the Americans are a sensitive people—supersensitive, no doubt, to anything that savors of ridicule. And if ever a writer—however goodhumoredly—satirized a country, its people and manners, Dickens did the United States in "American Notes." I do not hold that this was held against his memory when the centenary fund was being raised. If it was, it was done in silence. There was no public word of it, but what more likely than that here and there the thought rankled? Be that as it may, the sum raised in the States for the Dickens fund and recently forwarded to Lord Alverstone was a meagre one. That it reached the proportions it did, surprised some people who argued that a man does not put his hand in his pocket for you after you have slapped him in the face.

MIRACLES

BY DOROTHY GREEN

"I HAVE no faith in miracles," he said,
Coldly contemptuous. "Tales of risen dead—
Of life and strength restored to stiffened clay—
Are idle fables of a bygone day."

Yet the young grass sprang 'round his heedless feet,
Trees burst their buds, a robin's song was sweet,
And all the glad air pulsed with quickening—
The immemorial miracle of Spring.

JOHN RAWN, EGOIST

THAT the modern American businessman is a hag-ridden creature sacrificing everything to the monstrous Moloch of business—family, friends, his community, honor and honesty alike—is what Emerson Hough sets himself to show in his new novel, "John Rawn" (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis,) and he does so in a way that no man has achieved since Frank Norris wrote that terrible drama of the speculator, "The Pit".

Up to middle life, Rawn was a railroad clerk. Then he got the chance to steal another man's idea and capitalize it, the other man being a visionary young engineer named Halsey, who is in love with Rawn's daughter. Through the development of his son-in-law's idea, Rawn came to control huge interests, even to the point of managing the affairs of the world. Then, following his steady policy of selfishness, Rawn divorces his plain wife who has come up through poverty with him to marry his secretary, Miss Delaware, a woman of beauty and brains, who will do more justice to Rawn's exalted state.

Halsey is a Socialist and his sympathy with laboring men leads him to destroy the model of his invention, which would do away with hand labor. His wife leaves him and goes back to her father, but it is a matter of indifference to him as he has fallen in love with his father-in-law's new wife. Rawn takes advantage of this and deliberately asks his wife to sell herself to Halsey so that in return he—Rawn—may secure entire control of the invention.

The wife however revolts, although she and Halsey have declared their love for each other. Misfortune and disaster follow each other rapidly and Rawn is at the last extremity when his discarded wife comes to his aid with the million dollars which he had settled upon her at the time of the divorce. With renewed vigor and enterprise, he enters on fresh money-making schemes, with only scant and perfunctory thanks to the only person who has been truly loyal to him.

Rawn is a colossal egoist, with a view point hopelessly out of focus. Everything goes down before success. The man who will knife his friend in the back, if that friend is careless enough to give him a chance; whose only god is business; who will leave his wife to loneliness and sell alike his daughter and his wife "for business reasons"; whose horizon is shut in by business, who knows nothing and cares nothing for anything but business; who could not play if you gave him the chance; who has forgotten how to enjoy life, is painted boldly and unerringly by Emerson Hough in "John Rawn." He is a repellent and a pathetic figure, not to be forgotten or laid

carelessly aside, and a typical one in every American city that has a business district. Money-mad, power-drunk, merciless to themselves and to others, the John Rawns are a danger to the world.

LOYALTY TO THE DOMINION

DEEDS of heroism lose none of their appeal by being retold. From tradition and private letters and memoranda an interesting narrative has been compiled, of the founders of Glengarry county and their heroic experiences. Prior to the revolutionary war a party of Scottish Highlanders was taken, under false pretences, to Virginia, and exposed to much suffering. Later, while the war was at its height, they made their escape to New York State. When required to take the oath of allegiance to the new Republic, they refused, whereupon their farms were confiscated. Their loyalty and devotion to duty impelled them to make the endeavor to reach Canada by way of the Adirondack wilderness. The story of the privations they endured, and the difficulties they experienced, make a thrilling story, which now appears in book form, under the title, "Morven" (Musson Book Co., Ltd.) The picture it presents is worth study as an evidence of true patriotism, devotion to principle, and hatred of oppression. As a matter of history also the story is valuable.

ON SEEING QUEBEC

IT is a wonder city, a city of many aspects, a city of dreams. Partly it is the traditional Quebec, frowning, rugged—in losing which the Frenchman lost domination over half a world, the Quebec whose power the Frenchman himself had consolidated and extended, spreading far to the west a broad belt of light and law and security across a black chaos of northern savagery. And partly it is the sleepy Quebec, a city of old age and white hairs and dreams, into which a village of churches and a farmers' market place might have grown, a subdued Quebec, a simple-hearted City of the Hills, whose slow influence is for peace and happiness, and whose crumbling terraces are reminiscent of a youth long gone.

I wish you might see it to-day as I see it—a warm sun splashing color on its stone ramparts, and there just over the wall, the great blue carpet of the St. Lawrence stretching away to the edge of the horizon. One may dream big dreams in a spot like this—even though one knows he is really like "the little low manikin whose mind strides a war horse while his body strides a stool", and dreaming does no harm, if one keeps a grip on actualities—which is to say, if one remembers his stool.

FAIR PLAY

NOW comes a statement from Cyrus H. McCormick, head of the International Harvester Company, asking fair public consideration. The points at issue concern Canada only indirectly, if at all, unless on the side of ordinary sympathy in an open case. They are wholly involved with a purely political effort now being made by the United States to dissolve the company on the ground that it is a trust, and has created a power to oppress. Mr. McCormick is strong in his denial that the company ever has exercised any such power. If it exists, it would seem to be potential rather than active, but to say it exists at all would be to pass an opinion in a matter at present under advisement by another government.

Mr. McCormick's utterance deserves reception in an open frame of mind. Nobody can deny that the conduct of the company has benefited agriculture at large, and the trade reports show that its profits never have been excessive. Six or seven per cent. dividends are not in the octopus class. That is about what the stock has earned; and the stock has not been watered.

The attitude of the United States is entirely domestic, and does not affect the company's export business. Were it otherwise, Canada would not know the difference, because the company has its own plants here. If its conduct in the States has been as free from offense as it has in this country, the company has nothing to fear.

A Forum on Money-Mad Farming

Where Do You Stand?

Since the publication of Mr. Croasdell's first article on Money-Mad Farming, we have been receiving letters of protest or approval. Many of these have shown either an entire lack of sympathy with or a discriminating appreciation of the position taken by the author. Since the magazine presents Mr. Croasdell's work as an incentive to thought and discussion of the subject, we shall give space to the letters that seem to us to be most representative.—THE EDITOR.

HARCOURT SUPPORTS CROASDELL

TO the Editor: Rex Croasdell's stand against "money-mad farming" has been emphatically and officially endorsed. The dairymen's convention recently held here was addressed on this subject by no less an authority than George Harcourt, deputy minister of agriculture, and nothing could be more positive than Mr. Harcourt's declaration on that occasion that "we are absolutely wheat crazy." "For the sake," said he, "of an immediate factitious profit, Alberta farmers are neglecting opportunities of making money . . . at a great cost to the country," and "where mixed farming obtains, the farmers meet their obligations better, the merchants are better off, and the country is more successful in every way."

There was scant encouragement to the exclusive wheat grower in any part of Mr. Harcourt's long and earnest address. The facts are familiar to all who really know conditions in the West, and they need such treatment as Mr. Croasdell has been giving them and Mr. Harcourt confirms. The protest goes farther than the 2,000,000 acres of Alberta land now under plow, for it is a warning cry concerning the 160,000,000 acres still unbroken, and the future that must be worked out when they come in.

The loss of wheat through drouth and frost is being offset in the United States, where they feed the spoilage to cattle and hogs, and get as much for it on the hoof as they do for sound grain in the elevators. Until Mr. Croasdell spoke, no one had pointed out this way to work a profit, or even to get good prices for inferior grades of grain by converting them into meat. Mr. Harcourt confirms him in that also.

Horses bring good prices, but take time to grow. That is one reason why there is a grab for wheat money instead of for a larger handful off the same acreage by horse breeding. If this keeps up, where are the horses to come from that will be needed on those 160,000,000 acres? From the States? Our horses are better than any we can import. The same thing is true of cattle, poultry, dairy products, pork, mutton, and vegetables. Yet the majority of farmers while they watch their wheat grow, buy poultry, pork, mutton, eggs, cheese and vegetables from as far away as Illinois, Nova Scotia and California—buy them for their own tables. And while this paradox prevails, as Mr. Croasdell and Mr. Harcourt both tell us in very plain terms, fertility is being extracted from the soil at an appalling rate. "It is a good thing," said Mr. Harcourt, "that nature will not let us take the fertility out of the land in a year or two, or we would do it, and then we would have a country fit for nothing unless we put back into it what we took from it."

I have every faith in the practical common sense of our farmers. They need to be told what these men are telling them, and CANADA MONTHLY is doing the country a patriotic service in transmitting the message. It will not do to be feeble about it, nor to "reform it indifferently," as the player said he hoped to do, in that famous passage of Hamlet. Let us rather take Hamlet's earnest advice, and "reform it altogether".

JAMES YOUNG.

Red Deer, Alberta, May 14, 1912.

WHEN ONE COUNTS DOUBLE

TWO political factions were to come together for a ward caucus in which there were to be thirty-nine representatives.

One side said: "We've counted noses and there are twenty-one of us."

The other side said: "We've counted noses and there are twenty-two of us."

The candidate for committeeman figured that the only reason there could be forty-three noses for thirty-nine individuals was that there were some two-faced men in his ward.

A GREAT CHANGE

"THERE has been a great change in the past few years."

"In what way?"

"A girl can be a blonde now without causing it to be suspected that she is a self-made one."

A CRY FROM BONDAGE

"I'M sittin' here in school—I've got
To study my arithmetic,
But all this mornin' I have thought
O' how it looks now down the crick.
From where I sit I see the trees
In Merritt's orchard out in bloom,
An' I 'most hear the honey bees
A-laughin' 'cause I'm in this room.

Who is that barefoot in the road,
A-carryin' his fishin' pole?
It's Skinny Jones! I might 'a' knowed
He'd start out for the old Blue Hole,
He's climbin' over Merritt's fence
An' strikin' through the orchard now,
Why does the grass an' things commence
To grow 'fore school's out, anyhow?

Now he's out in the pasture lot,
An' bendin' down. I understand!
I'll bet a nickel Skinny's got
Some johnny-jump-ups in his hand.
I wouldn't be a bit surprised
If he goes down and takes a swim—
This school I always have de-spised;
I wisht 'twas me instead of him!

Now he's gone back behind th' woods.
An' pretty soon he'll cross the field
Where Hinson's cows all chew their cuds;
He'll have a willow twig he's peeled
Until it's slick, to string his fish.
That barefoot Skinny Jones is free—
I wish—But what's the use to wish?
My folks is educatin' me!

My hair has got to be kep' curled—
What, teacher? Mom? I heard you, yes,
Who was it found this here new world?
Why, barefoot Skinny Jones, I guess!

A KEEN OBSERVER

"JOHNNY," says the teacher, thinking to lead up to a helpful talk on Mars, "when we look into the east at night what do we see that we did not see at this time last year?"

"A 'lectric sign for Plitz's beer," answers Johnny promptly.